MEN ONLY. No others are invited to read this week's Number.

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 8. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 26, 1908. ONE PENNY.

THE PROPRIETORS OF

"DE RESZKÉ" CIGARETTES

have organised an interesting competition, open to all smokers, for the best verse of four lines setting forth the numerous merits of their high-class cigarettes.

The senders of the three best verses will receive the following prizes on NEW YEAR'S DAY.

1st Prize—18-ct. SOLID GOLD CIGARETTE CASE

2nd Prize—18-ct. SOLID GOLD SOVEREIGN PURSE

3rd Prize—18-ct. SOLID GOLD MATCH BOX.

Prizes on view at all Mappin and Webb's Branches.

All verses sent in become the sole property of J. MILLHOFF & CO., LTD. Consolation Prizes of 10/6 will be awarded to verses of special merit. The Competition closes on December 26th. The names and verses of prize-winners will be published in the "Daily Mail" on New Year's Day, and The Editor of MODERN MAN has kindly consented to judge the verses; his decision must be accepted as final.

To qualify for the above competition all you have to do is to purchase a box of 50 or 100

"DE RESZKÉ" CIGARETTES

and send the lid of this box with your verse, and full name and address, direct to

J. MILLHOFF & CO., LTD., 17, Down Street, Piccadilly, LONDON, W.

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Doctor and Patient Discover Cure for Catarrh.

DISCOVERY OF METHOD OF FREEING THE AIR-PASSAGES THAT RENDERS CONTINUANCE OF THIS HITHERTO INCURABLE COMPLAINT IMPOSSIBLE.

Great success is attending the new cure for Catarrh.

It is interesting to note that the cure is the joint discovery of a doctor and his patient, between whom there was a bond of mutual sympathy and interest developed by reason of the fact that both suffered from Catarrh. The patient's case was the worse of the two. Indeed, the patient's lungs were beginning to be seriously affected, and, what with the constant coughing and spitting, and the difficulty of breathing, his life became a struggle for breath itself.

The doctor's own personal interest in the treatment of Catarrh led him to try this, that, and the other thing, but all without avail, and the patient's own case steadily grew worse.

It is significant that the medical man confined his search to the domain of drugs—such is the power of one's special training. The only thing that seemed to benefit the patient was a balsamic and antiseptic compound. The latter's influence, however, was negative rather than positive. It relieved, but did not cure.

BOOK BY THE DOCTOR AND HIS PATIENT.

One morning the doctor was astonished to receive an early visit from his patient while at breakfast.

"What!" said the doctor, "have you found a cure for your and my Catarrh?"

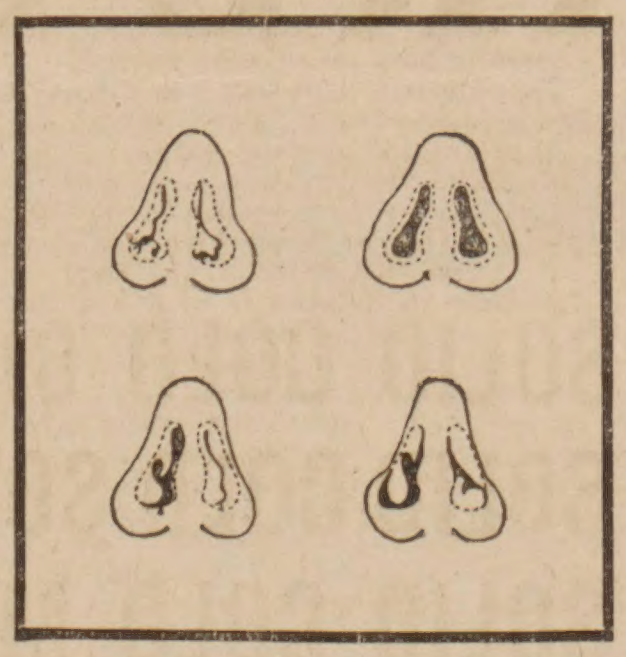
"Yes, I believe I have," said the patient-visitor.

"Yes; I, too, believe you have," declared the doctor, after hearing his patient's account of his discovery.

Now, the whole story of the discovery and the physiological "reason why" are set forth in a treatise which the doctor and his patient have together compiled and published for the benefit of other Catarrh-afflicted members of the public.

Doctor and patient have only just published their joint treatise. First, the doctor wanted to try the discovery on himself. He did, and he quickly got well. Even then the conservatively scientific mind of the doctor (much as he wished to believe the discovery to be the long-awaited cure for Catarrh) raised doubts and fears in regard to the discovery, especially as to whether it would cure all other Catarrh sufferers as well as one or two.

The cured and sanguine patient was all for publishing the good news at once. A single swallow was the sign of summer to him; but the doctor, while not sceptical, preferred to wait for further evidence of the curative power of the discovery. Accordingly the cure was tried by friends of patient and doctor alike. Each searched the highways and byways of his acquaintanceship for Catarrh-affected persons, and one after the other, men and women of all ages, they all quickly got rid of their Catarrh.



Specimens of Anatomical Illustrations of the Book on Respiratory Re-Education.

A PHYSIOLOGICAL CURE.

The doctor is even now writing a technical treatise for the benefit of his professional brethren, and no doubt would have felt it his duty to confine his knowledge within ethical limits. He realised, however, that the important part played in the discovery by a layman renders it impossible for him to act in any professionally selfish spirit towards the public.

Hence, the book just published is offered to any member of the public who has reason to wish for knowledge of how to cure his or her Catarrh, whether it be simple post-nasal Catarrh, or the more seriously advanced stages where the ears and hearing, or the lungs and breathing, are affected. It is curious, too, to note that the treatment is an absolute cure for "snoring."

"Respiratory Re-Education: A Cure for Catarrh," is the title of this book, a copy of which will be sent free of cost and post free to all who apply for it to The Authors, "Respiratory Re-Education," 20, Rhycol Building, 129, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 8. WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 26TH, 1908. ONE PENNY.

ENEMIES.

Greatly my foes I dread—but more my friends.
—CHURCHILL.

It is just as well to state at the outset that there is no accounting for likes and dislikes.

One man will be what is called popular; that is to say everybody seems to like him and no one appears to harbour ill-will towards him.

Another man is reckoned by everyone a beast. Nobody likes him and he reciprocates their feelings. In his case the reasons are never far to seek. Gross selfishness and churlishness are generally the factors of his character which invite so much animosity.

Possibly you belong to neither of these classes, but just possess the average number of enemies and the average number of friends. You meet a man, and, if you are sensitive, you like or dislike him at once. Only in rare instances do you regard him with absolute neutrality.

It is difficult to get much farther in such an abstract subject as this without taking an illustration from something more concrete. We may liken an individual to a note in music. Each of us has a different note. When we meet a person, his note may strike an octave with ours, or at least a chord with it; if so, the person is capable of being our friend should circumstances prove favourable. On the other hand a man may be the possessor of a note which is wholly discordant with ours. Then he will be antagonistic to us.

You must not suppose that he is necessarily bad, for you will find that he is liked by other people whom you also esteem. All you can say is that you personally dislike him, and it is foolishness to demand that all your friends should do likewise.

This is a consoling view of life, for it explains the existence of your enemies without postulating any defects in your own personality.

There is a further consolation in the existence of enemies. An enemy will do more for you than a friend, unintentionally of course.

It is of the essence of enmity that your antagonist should seek out the weakest points of your character and mention them to you. He wants to sneer at you, and the best way of finding a sneer that cuts is to strike on the raw of truth.

If you are a miserly person it will only amuse you to be twitted with extravagance, and your enemy knows this. He studies your character before he levels his insult. His taunt shows you, possibly for the first time, a defect in your character, which it rests with you to remedy.

In business the existence of enemies has a stimulating effect. You know that if you are slack or careless your enemies are waiting to compass your ruin.

Friends are exceedingly useful. They encourage and comfort you, but they are never candid except in their praise. They observe your faults but they would not hurt you by pointing them out. That is left for your enemy and to him therefore you should feel correspondingly thankful.

M. BRUCE.

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A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

When I was dead, the Devil said,
  Intending, evil fiend, to daunt me,
The latest beasts I'd fed upon
  Would presently arrive and haunt me,
"That sausage that you ate last night;"
  Said he, "will be around at seven;
The beefsteak that you took delight
  In eating drops in at eleven."

I thought to see a horrid hog
  My terror-stricken soul confronting,
With long, keen tusks and eyes agog
  And hoarsely, hideously grunting.
I also had in mind a steer;
  A burly, savage visaged creature,
Inspiring dread, alarm and fear,
  With every awful lowering feature.

But neither steer nor hog appeared
  To tear my shrieking soul asunder,
I yearn to have the mystery cleared
  That filled me with both awe and wonder.
The apparition said, "Bow, wow!"
  That paraded past my vision;
The second "Neigh," not like a cow,
  Just "Neigh" in tones of cold derision.

THE KAISER'S DANCERS.

The German Emperor is a great admirer of dancing, and he has recently issued an order that all the officers in his army shall be taught to dance gracefully and well.

At the beginning of the winter season he selects two men, not necessarily officers, from the first regiment of cavalry and from his bodyguard, whose sole duty shall be to lead off all dances at which he is present. As he never misses an opportunity of appearing at a ball, their task is not light.

Generally their partners are princesses of the blood, and woe betide them if they make a false step, for the Kaiser, though not a dancer himself, knows the art thoroughly and is an exacting critic. If, however, these dashing cavaliers succeed in properly fulfilling the duties of their strange office, they are made men for life, for his majesty keeps an eye on their careers after they return to civil life.

OUR EDITOR AS JUDGE.

Our readers will have observed from extensive advertising in the daily and weekly papers, that our editor is acting as judge in a literary competition organised by Messrs. Millhoff, the proprietors of the well-known De Reszké cigarettes.

Inquiries have reached us from various quarters as to whether we were financially interested in these cigarettes. The answer is in the negative. When Messrs. Millhoff approached us in the matter we weighed the fact that a huge amount of work would be entailed, but, appreciating the compliment implied in our being requested to act as judge, we decided to undertake the task.

Our editor is at all times ready to give the benefit of his literary experience to any manufacturer whose goods and dealings are straight.

BAD FORM IN SPORT.

Where there are men, there are manners.—OVID.

The person ignorant of fishing might very naturally approach an angler and ask him what sport he was having, but this is a thing that no fellow angler would venture to do.

When a man is fishing he endeavours to keep as still as possible in order that the trout may not be alarmed by his movements. The approach of any other person is at once observed by the fish, and a period of from five to ten minutes will elapse till they rise again.

It is also a breach of good form for you to take your dog for a walk along the bank of a stream where fishing is in progress. Whether fish hear the dog barking is disputed, but there is no doubt that they observe his movements and sheer off.

It is bad form to stand behind a card player and watch his game. You have not, of course, any intention of signalling his hand to his opponent, but the fact that you are overlooking him makes him nervous and prevents his playing up to his best.

It is bad form for a man when cycling with a lady to keep to her left hand. He should always be on her right hand so that he may bear the brunt of the traffic. The motor-car that whizzes past from behind will not frighten the girl if the man is nearest the middle of the road. Where the traffic is congested, or where the road is rough and there is only one smooth track just wide enough for a single bike, the man ought to go in front to pick out the way for his companion. This is a case where "ladies first" does not hold.

Motorists have decreed that it is bad form for one car to keep close in front of another, because the occupants of the latter are annoyed by the dust.

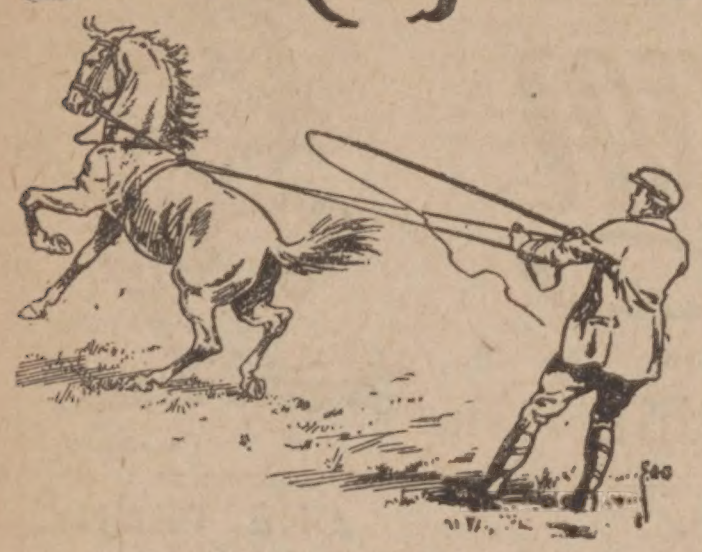
In shooting it is bad form to fire at a bird which is nearer to another sportsman. If he misses it altogether, you are free to have a try, but if he only wounds it slightly you are committing a breach of etiquette in firing at it, for it may fall and be retrieved and thus form part of his bag. Humanity, however, often demands that this rule should be broken, for, when it comes to allowing a bird to die in protracted agony, etiquette must go to the wall.

If you shoot a bird and it falls on a neighbour's ground you must lay down your gun before going in search of it.

Fox-hunting is hemmed about with a multitude of rules that the novice would not readily think of. A man can go to a hunt breakfast without being introduced to his host, but a lady dare not do so. To ride so closely behind hounds that there is danger of their being trampled under your horse's feet is a serious offence, while riding in front of hounds is one of the blackest crimes. To ride a kicker in the hunting field without attaching a red ribbon to its tail is again bad form, for, unless due warning is given of your horse's vice, the mounts of other riders may be seriously damaged when crowding behind you through a gate.

NORMAN CHEYNE.

Breaking in a Horse.



A PLEASING BUT STRENUOUS TASK.

Understand that the horse is a coward, and you have his character to a nicety. It is in the overcoming of this natural cowardice that the task of the trainer chiefly lies.

It is absolutely useless for a timid man to endeavour to teach a horse.

The trainer must himself be fearless in order to inspire confidence in the animal, just as a fearless officer is the only kind who is of any use as a leader of men.

Suppose you are riding a horse, and he shies at a piece of paper fluttering on the road. Previous experience has taught you that under these circumstances he is liable to dance about and probably throw you off, and you can scarcely be blamed for feeling nervous. If you yield to fear, however, even if it be but for a moment, the horse immediately learns your sentiments; the grip of your legs changes as also does your hold of the reins, and the paper frightens the horse more than ever.

MAN AND BEAST.

On the other hand, if the nerve of the rider does not give way, and if he courageously rides his mount straight up to the paper, the horse will in nine cases out of ten pass it without much fuss, and the next time he encounters a paper he will probably take no notice of it at all.

My experience of horses leads me to believe that few of them are naturally possessed of bad characters, but that all are capable of developing temper.

Almost invariably this is the result of temper on the part of the trainer. He should be a man of a stolid disposition, administering punishment where necessary with the impartiality of a judge, and never through personal resentment against the horse.

The great thing in breaking-in a horse is to start his education early. A colt which is accustomed to being handled from its youngest days never resists much when it is actually set to work; in fact, with such a horse the process of breaking-in is such a mild affair that it is not worth discussion.

SLOWLY BUT SURELY.

I shall concern myself rather with the colt which has been allowed to run more or less wild till the time when it is wanted for service. Your task will not be heavy if you recollect the facts I have already been at some pains to elaborate; don't forget that the horse is very much afraid that he will get hurt, and is as thoroughly scared at the tackle you place upon him as is a countryman who finds himself for the first time in a fashionable ballroom.

Therefore do it all gradually. The first need is to accustom him to the bridle, and the best way to do it is to put one on him and leave him alone in the stable for half a day. If you attempt anything more at this stage, you are asking him to learn too much simultaneously.

When the colt has been in the habit of wearing a bridle for so many hours each day for a week, put a pair of reins on him and take him into a field. He will be very alarmed about it all, and you will only make his education the slower if you frighten him further. Don't bully him. Turn his spirit to your purpose, but don't knock it all out of him. If you have spirit yourself you want a horse with spirit.

Walk him at first, turning him this way and that, till he gets accustomed to the reins and answers them. Then teach him to stop when you tell him to do so; simply say: "Whoa!" and pull him up. Make him understand that you want him to start when you say: "Come on!" by the simple expedient of touching him with your whip as you give the command.

SADDLED.

Next day repeat all these lessons, for he will have forgotten half of them, and this time put a saddle on him, leaving the stirrups to flap at his sides.

When he is thoroughly accustomed to the saddle, and answers the reins sufficiently well, it will be time to mount him. Don't at first wear spurs, because they will make him nervous; you can get him used to them later.

The time has now arrived for you to put his paces right. Above all things see to it that he has a good long trot; the horse with a short jumpy trot is never a pleasure to ride. If he trots short, urge him on, at the same time holding him in, so that he cannot break into a canter; under this treatment he will gradually stretch his pace.

This matter is worth some trouble.

When you finally put him to the gallop, see that you do so in a field where there are no wire fences. When a young horse is galloping he is apt to get excited and beyond your immediate control. In a field fenced with hedges there is no danger, but with wire he may fail to see what is in front of him, and both you and he may come a bad cropper.

In the case of a horse that is to be used for driving, the procedure is much the same, except that you are to put the harness on him as he stands in the stable for some days before you begin his actual lessons. Then, when you have taught him what the reins are for, you should fix a couple of old shafts behind him. If he tries to kick them to pieces it does not matter much, and when he has got over his nervousness you can hitch him to a trap in the ordinary way.

THE "DUMB JOCKEY."

I have endeavoured to keep these directions as simple as possible but there are one or two other little things that the horsebreaker ought to know.

For example the "dumb jockey"—a contrivance fixed to the pad, and attached with indiarubber bearing-reins to the bridle—is an excellent thing for improving a horse's carriage. When you have this tackle all properly buckled up, put a lunging rein on him and send him round and round you in a field for half-an-hour at a time.

A horse with a hard mouth requires special care at the outset if he is not to develop into a puller. Your saddler will supply you with a proper mouthing bit, or you can manufacture one by fixing a few keys to the hinge of a snaffle or to the port of a curb mouthpiece. The object of the keys is to keep the horse moving the bit about.

STANDING FIRE.

You should also teach him to stand fire, for horses that are otherwise perfectly tractable are apt to shy at the sound of a gun fired in a covert.

A revolver, with a few blank cartridges, does the whole business. Fire it first at some little distance from the horse, and gradually nearer and nearer to him, until he finally allows you to fire it from his back without flinching.

A riding horse should be taught to bend when turning and not merely to step round as does a horse in the shafts. Have a number of posts driven into a field some four feet apart, and ride your horse through and through between them; this is the method adopted to teach polo ponies to bend and turn quickly and easily, and the lesson is soon learnt.

W. IRONSIDE.

DANGEROUS COMIC SONGS.

CAUTIONS FOR YOUR NEXT "SMOKER."

At a smoking concert it is the comic song that wins all the applause. The sentimental ditty is out of place at functions of this description, and the stirring patriotic ballad fails to stir the audience as does the humorous song.

And yet there is a danger in singing comic songs.

It is almost impossible for a man who is a good comic singer to be taken seriously in a matter of business. He may be arguing with you in all solemnity, but you cannot feel that a man can be capable of such diverse emotions as earnestness and humour.

I have known clergymen who were remarkably good singers of comic songs, but I could never listen to them with any satisfaction when they were in the pulpit.

A man sings at a smoking concert for various reasons.

Sometimes because he believes he has a nice voice; sometimes simply for the excitement of the thing—he dreads singing before strangers, and he experiences the same sort of reaction after it is finished as one does when emerging from a cold bath; sometimes he sings just because he wants the function to be a success, he wants the other men to enjoy themselves, and he is determined to do his share.

If I were present at a smoking concert, I should be the last to dissuade any of the singers from contributing to the programme, but, as I am here considering the matter without personal bias and rather from the point of view of the singers than that of their hearers, I should like them to think twice before they venture to emulate the music hall artistes.

Take any one of the professional stars and analyse your sentiments regarding him.

He has made you shake with laughter, and has filled you wholly with admiration; you see his skill and appreciate it; you marvel at the magnitude of his salary. But that is only one side of the picture. You are looking at the singer purely from his professional standpoint.

If you met him in business it is scarcely likely that you would respect him. Here is the man who made those dreadful grimaces, and you feel that grimacing is his proper sphere.

In the case of professional performers we do not as a rule have any opportunity of meeting them in private, and so there is no occasion for them to worry about this aspect of their work, but the amateur performer is a local man. Many of his audience know him personally; others become acquainted with him by sight, and might otherwise have become clients, but when they recollect that he is a singer of comic songs they back out; he could not, they argue, be a man who took life seriously, and so he could not be the most suitable person for the transaction of their business.

They are quite wrong, of course, for they are jumping to a conclusion, but nevertheless they reach that conclusion, to the detriment of the singer.

There is just one kind of comic song that does not detract from the dignity of the singer, and yet amuses the audience. This is the song in which the humour lies not in the manner of its delivery but in the words themselves. It is extremely difficult to find a song sufficiently comic, but when it is found it may be sung, and is better so sung, with a face of imperturbable gravity and a manner that suggests that the singer is wholly unaware of what the audience are laughing at.

The man who chooses the stereotyped form of comic song, who greets his audience with a Harry Lauder leer, who looks at them coyly in a manner that he believes to be reminiscent of George Robey, or who flops about the stage after the style of Little Tich, may be exceedingly funny, and may amuse his audience intensely, but he is entertaining them at his own expense, a thing that, if he fully realised its consequences, he might hesitate to do.

DAVID COOPER.

Och aye, Sandy!

COMPLETE SHORT STORY

By PETER AYLESBURY.

Mr. Alexander MacIntosh, known to his friends as Sandy MacIntosh, had come down to London from Glasgow to spend his Christmas holidays.

He was not like his fellow countryman who banged saxpence within half-an-hour of his arrival, and who, when asked how he had contrived to spend so much money, confessed that the saxpence had gone "on wine and women, maistly." No. Sandy was taking his pleasure more economically.

As he stood looking at Westminster Abbey there approached a well-dressed stranger.

"It is an impressive pile, is it not?" said the newcomer to Sandy.

"Aye," said Sandy, "but I doot if it's sae very much better than Glesca' cathedral."

Scarcely had the words left his lips when the stranger seized him by the hand.

"Then you are a Glasgow man, too," he said, "I myself have the honour of belonging to Scotland's commercial capital."

"Is that so?" asked Sandy. "Man, how your accent has deteriorated. I'd never have taken you for a Scotsman."

"Well," said the stranger, "I have been in London now for some years and I suppose the edge of it has worn off, but all the same I am Scotch at heart, and nothing pleases me better than to meet a fellow countryman. My name is Andrew Fraser."

Sandy was delighted to hear that the stranger's name was so typically Scotch, for there was something distinctly metropolitan about his accent, just a tendency here and there to drop an H or a G, and to miss out the R's that Sandy himself rolled with such satisfaction.

"Yes," continued the stranger, "it's some years now since I came to London, but I don't think I've much to grumble about. I have made my little pile while still comparatively young, and I am now able to enjoy myself. My only trouble is that I have very few friends in London. To tell you the truth, I don't care to make friends with anybody except Scotsmen."

Sandy was very much flattered, for he had the national characteristic of patriotism in a marked degree. He confided to the stranger that it was his intention to journey to the Tower Bridge some time before mid-day, and he discovered that, oddly enough, the stranger intended to do exactly the same thing. What more natural than that they should go together? They walked up Whitehall, inspecting the sights, and at Charing Cross they took a motor-'bus.

"You know it's awfully nice," said Mr. Fraser, "to have as much money as you need. I often look back on my early struggles just to gloat over the contrast. Then I had scarcely butter to my bread, now I have down at Cowes my own private yacht, at Newmarket I have a nice little string of horses, at Henley I have a houseboat, and I have a couple of first-rate motor-cars, one here in London and the other at my country place in Buckinghamshire."

Sandy did not exactly doubt Mr. Fraser's veracity, but it struck him as remarkable that a man owning motor-cars should be content to travel with strangers in a common 'bus. Under the circumstances therefore he thought it excusable to do a little bragging on his own account.

"It must be very nice living down here in the wintertime," he said. "My auntie, Lady MacFarlane, has often spoken about coming to England for the winter instead of going to the south of France, but you see she has a villa of her own at Monte Carlo, so I don't suppose she'll ever make the change. For myself, I have never been in London before, but I once motored down the middle of England to Cornwall with my cousin the Hon. Eric MacFarlane. He and I bought the motor between us, but we tired of it presently and gave it to the Rev. Dr. McSnorty."

And Sandy looked for the moment as if the giving away of expensive motor-cars was quite a common experience with him.

Sandy's father kept a small but prosperous grocer's shop on the outskirts of Glasgow, and Sandy spent his days assisting him.

Sandy would have been the last person to tell a lie that would have done anybody harm, but he felt that he must keep up the family pride in the eyes of this man whom he more than half suspected of being a Londoner.

Another little bit of swank on Sandy's part was to put his hand in his pocket and open unobserved the purse containing the twenty sovereigns which he had brought down for holiday expenses.

When the conductor came for the fares, Sandy put his hand again in his pocket and drew out the twenty sovereigns mixed with a few coppers that had already been there. The stranger caught the glint of the gold and his eyes sparkled.

"My dear chap," he said, "I could not think of letting you pay. 'Tisn't every day I meet a fellow countryman, you know, and this is going to be my little treat." So he paid for both, and Sandy without compunction replaced the gold in his pocket.

"There is one little thing I should like to speak to you about," said the stranger placing his hand confidentially on Sandy's arm, "you really should not take out so much money from your pocket. It does not do to let it be known in London that you are a man of means. There are so many rascally people about who would be sure to try to thieve from you. You've no idea what a dangerous place London is."

Sandy thanked him for his caution and promised to be more careful in future.

A trip round a big town like London was one of the entertainments that appealed most keenly to Sandy MacIntosh. The only drawback to his mind was that there were so many fares and etceteras to be paid for. This particular trip, however, had no such drawback, for the affable stranger insisted on paying for everything.

At one o'clock they lunched, and Sandy's taste in wine was extravagant, but what did it matter? The stranger paid.

By three o'clock the stranger suggested that they had done enough sight-seeing for a day and that they should return to the West-End, and Sandy readily agreed.

They had tea in a fashionable place just off the Haymarket, and afterwards they sauntered together through Trafalgar Square and up the Strand. The stranger suggested refreshment, and they entered a tavern.

Sandy drank to his new friend's health, and at his expense, and he was feeling very pleased with himself, the world in general, and London in particular when there entered a young man with a strong Yorkshire accent.

He appeared to be looking on the world through rose-coloured spectacles. He chatted politely but cordially with the barmaid, and presently something which Mr. Fraser said to Sandy attracted the Yorkshireman's attention, and, making an apology for interrupting the conversation of a man whom he had never met before, he ventured to offer his opinion that Mr. Fraser was wrong in his facts.

The newcomer, in setting matters right, showed convincingly that he was a kind-hearted and generous-minded person, and neither Sandy nor Mr. Fraser had the slightest objection to improving his acquaintance. They had a drink at his expense, and he and Sandy had another at Mr. Fraser's.

It appeared that the Yorkshireman's name was Thompson and that he, like Sandy, had come up to London to spend his Christmas holidays.

Mr. Thompson asked if his two new friends would favour him by dining at his expense. Neither offered any objection, and away they went to Romano's. The party was a merry one and Sandy was very happy. When they finally left the restaurant Sandy thanked his new friend very heartily for the banquet, but he would hear none of it.

"Never a word!" said Mr. Thompson. "I came up to London a comparatively poor man, and I'm leaving it a rich one. When I left Bradford I had only £10 in my pocket, but before I had been in London two days I heard that my uncle had died abroad and left me the whole of his fortune. His lawyers have sent me £2,000, and the rest is to follow. They've forwarded me for signature various documents which I don't fully understand, but I am not worrying much about them. The main thing is that they are going to send me £40,000 more as soon as I've returned them."

He opened a pocket book in which were various papers bearing impressive official-looking seals.

They went to a music hall that evening, this time Mr. Fraser paying expenses, and afterwards they went into a public house in Leicester Square to have a drink.

"I'm afraid I'll have to bid you good-bye," said Mr. Thompson, after they had had a glass or two. "I've arranged with one of the detectives from Scotland Yard to go down to Whitechapel with him to-night. I've often heard it's a rum place after dark, and I want to have a look at it before going home."

"I should think it is a rum place!" said Mr. Fraser. "Surely you are not going there with all those valuable papers upon you? You might get them stolen."

"I never thought of that," said the Yorkshireman, "but I believe you're right. I don't suppose there is a bank or a safe deposit open now where I could leave them, is there?"

"No," said Mr. Fraser, "there is not, but if you like to leave them with us we'll take care of them for you."

Mr. Thompson looked a little doubtful.

"I hope you won't be offended," he said. "I'd be very glad to have you look after them for me, but considering their value I should require to have some sort of security for your good faith. I don't doubt you for a moment, but you must remember we are all but strangers."

"No offence, I'm sure!" replied Mr. Fraser heartily. "I'll take your papers and give you £200 as a deposit. Perhaps my friend, Mr. MacIntosh here, will do the same."

"Well," said Sandy, "I would if I had the money, but all my valuables are at the hotel."

"Very well," said Mr. Fraser, "I'll pay the £200 for you and call round at your hotel in the morning and get it. Where are you staying?"

"There's no' a hotel in London like the Ivanhoe!" said Sandy enthusiastically. "You call round there to-morrow morning before ten o'clock for your money."

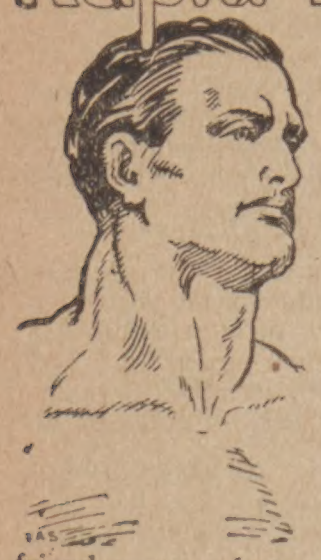
Mr. Fraser agreed to do so and handed the Yorkshireman what appeared to be notes for £400. Then the little meeting broke up, each going his separate way, but strangely enough Mr. Fraser met Mr. Thompson later that night.

"Our money is as sure as can be," said the former. "He was one of the softest mugs I've ever tried to pluck."

On the following morning Mr. Fraser called at the Ivanhoe, and learnt that no such person as Mr. Alexander MacIntosh was living there.

Meanwhile Sandy, comfortably seated in the lounge of another hotel, was making an after-breakfast calculation of his expenses for the previous day. Being a methodical person he kept an account of all expenditure, but to his delight the column of his cash-book for yesterday was almost a blank. It had been a day of unalloyed pleasure, and his total expense had been a bawbee which he had invested in a morning paper before setting out.

Rapid Physical Development



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

HEIGHT AND PHYSIQUE.

I have been reading an excellent article by Dr. Robertson, which appeared recently in another part of this paper. In it he expounded the only scientific method of increasing the height, and it brought back to my mind a remark which a young friend once made to me.

"What's the use of my bothering about physical culture?" he said. "A chap who is only five-feet-four can never look handsome; so why should I worry?"

He was quite wrong.

Look at some of the young porters on our railways. Many of them are short; but all are muscular owing to their work, and healthy owing to being in the fresh air. And they look well.

Inches have not so very much to do with the appearance. The great thing is to have plenty of muscle—to be, in fact, a man who fills his clothes well. If you are such an one, you will be reckoned a fine-looking man, no matter what your height may be.

SHOULDERS AND BACK.

Stretch the arms above the head and interlock the fingers, keeping the palms upwards. Now push up as high as you can, making the muscles of the shoulders and back bulge.

For a straight spine.

Keep up the tension for a second or two; then relax, and repeat five or six times.

There are many virtues combined in this simple exercise. In the first place it develops the muscles of the shoulders and back with wonderful rapidity; it helps the arms and wrists to a considerable extent, and it even has a beneficial influence on the legs; it also straightens the spine, and thus increases the height.

When you stretch upwards, a strain is put on the muscles at both sides of the back, greater on the side which is defective than on that which is right, and thus a rapid equalising of the development and symmetry is attained.

The upward stretch demands that you reach the absolute limit in the matter of height, and so your spine must straighten out.

Apart altogether from these corrective advantages, the exercise occupies a first place as a muscle builder.

WHY MUSCLES GROW.

Some doctors hold that the muscles are bound to develop if they are kept healthy, and that the sole object of exercise is to keep the blood circulating in them and thus have them in a condition for growing.

If this view of the case were the whole truth, a man who merely shook his arms about, and who in consequence kept his muscles in a fairly healthy condition, ought to have big muscles; but he doesn't.

The fact is that the growth of muscle is due to the body's faculty for accommodating itself to new conditions.

If you become blind your senses of touch, smell and hearing develop enormously to make up for your loss. Just so with the muscles.

You give them a certain amount of work, by means of exercise, and the muscles being unaccustomed to this are unequal to it and consequently feel tired; but by the next day nature has already begun to accommodate herself to the change, and so you find that the muscles have increased a little in power, so that they do not become tired with an exactly similar amount of exercise.

If you kept up just this amount of exercise and never increased, your muscles would accomplish it without any trouble, for they would have reached a strength sufficient for the purpose and would not increase further. They grow, so to speak, in self-defence, and they do not grow any more than is required for the accomplishment of the task they are accustomed to get.

Here then lies the need for increasing the exercise just a little each day, for by that means alone the muscles can be induced to keep on growing in order to meet the added strain which is daily placed upon them.

The man who does the same set of exercises, with just the same force, for just the same time each day, will keep himself in a healthy condition, but his muscles will not be perceptibly increasing in size.

Therefore, if you want your muscles to grow, increase their work just a little each day, but never keep up the exercise when fatigue has made its presence felt.

MAGNIFICENT ARMS.

Clench the fists as hard as you can, and hold the arms out sideways, straight from the shoulders.

Keeping them perfectly horizontal, press the arms backwards as far as possible, so that the shoulder blades are forced back and the chest out.

Most useful for the wrestler and boxer.

Now twist the fists round till the knuckles point to the front. The arms must be so much turned that the strain is felt in every muscle of them and even in the shoulders.

Still keeping the arms rigid, turn them round till the knuckles point upwards, behind, and finally to the ground.

You must put vim into this exercise and see to it that the twisting of the arms is vigorous enough to put a stress on every muscle.

Repeat till the arms are tired but not aching.

This exercise is an importation from Japan, and, if followed conscientiously, will give you a pair of herculean arms and shoulders in a very short time.

LEG WORK.

Stand at attention, and steady yourself by grasping the back of a chair with your left hand. Lift the left foot slowly till you can lift it no farther—the higher the better; then lower it and repeat five times, finally exercising the right leg in the same way.

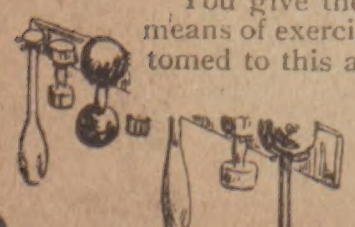
Splendid for the cyclist.

During this exercise both knees must be kept perfectly stiff, and the foot must be raised till a very perceptible straining of the muscles is felt.

This is a capital exercise for the calves and thighs.

Presently, when you have practised a little, you will be able to dispense with the support of the chair, and the effort of balancing will then help to develop the muscles of the back and abdomen.

In this exercise you will observe that there is nothing to lift except the leg and foot. In all such exercises the attention must be kept fixed on the muscles affected, as otherwise the effort expended is worthless. Think of nothing but the exercise till it is done.



SPORT IN PHYSICAL CULTURE.

HOW IT COMPARES WITH GAMES.

The enemies of physical culture have brought against it the charge that it is a dreary business, and is not lightened by the competitive interest which plays such an important part in all games and sports.

Few physical culturists restrict themselves to dumb-bells and developers alone; the majority are enthusiastic in one or other branch of sport, and it is only by systematic physical culture that many a sportsman of to-day has strengthened his body sufficiently to enable him to take part in and enjoy such strenuous exercise.

Physical culture may, therefore, be regarded as a nursery of sport. It enables the willing spirit to make the flesh sufficiently strong to endure the strain of an active pastime.

There is a distinct element of sport in physical culture itself. It is difficult to analyse what constitutes the mental aspect of sport, for the mind of the sportsman is a complex thing and the emotions he experiences are various.

First and foremost there is the entertainment which his pastime gives him; it relieves the brain of the cares of the workaday world; he thoroughly enjoys it, and the very act of taking delight in a healthful pleasure has a stimulating effect upon the mind.

In the second place there is an element of pleasurable anxiety; the hunter is not quite certain whether or not he will capture his quarry; the player is not sure whether he will win his game; but this anxiety must be distinguished from worry, for it is a wholly different matter, and, instead of having a numbing effect on the faculties, it stimulates them.

Thirdly the sportsman has from time to time the satisfaction of successfully overcoming difficulties: he goes shooting on an unfavourable day when wind and weather alike are against him, and yet he manages, perhaps, to secure a presentable bag, and he consequently has the keen delight of having done well against heavy odds; the player may tackle a rival whose skill is represented to be superior to his own: if he beats that rival he experiences the same joy as the hunter. Such may be said to be the chief emotions and elements of sport.

To what extent does physical culture share in them?

In the first place the ardent physical culturist has a keen delight in the system he is following; the exercises have for him an attraction in themselves, apart altogether from their health-giving effects; he looks forward to the time when he can throw off his coat and start his exercises; he knows that concentration of mind is necessary for the best results, and so he banishes all thoughts of work and worry; thus is his mind for the time being refreshed as thoroughly as that of the sportsman.

The element of anxiety exists in physical culture but to a less marked degree; the enthusiast wonders whether he can accomplish a certain exercise either more rapidly or more often than he did the previous day; there is just enough of this kind of anxiety to keep the mind interested.

The pleasure of conquest unquestionably comes to the physical culturist. He observes the growth of muscle and notes the improvement in his health; he remembers the difficulties—the lack of time and the inclination to slackness—which he has overcome, and his joy at a successful result is not far behind that of the hunter or the player of games.

We may take it that there is a distinct element of sport in physical culture. What it seems principally to lack is duration of time; the exercises are accomplished in fifteen minutes, while a game takes an hour, and thus it may be argued that physical culture is less perfect as a relaxation.

It must be remembered, on the other hand, that this very economising of time is a great advantage to many, enabling them to take exercise when they have not the necessary leisure for adopting sport.

A. CRAIG.

CONSCIENCE.

That bosom-hell of guilty men.—MONTGOMERY.

Mr. F. N. Charrington is a son of the founder of the great brewery business. One night in the East-End of London he was passing a public house when a drunken navvy was pitched out into the street, almost into the arms of his wife who was waiting patiently to take him home.

The navvy, resentful at the barman's action, vented his spleen on his inoffensive spouse by hitting her in the face and swearing at her.

Then it happened that Mr. Charrington glanced up at the building and observed his own name in staring letters across the front of it, indicating that it was one of the family brewery's tied houses.

Shortly afterwards his father died, and his share of the estate was a million and a quarter, but, disgusted at the trade which could produce such a spectacle as he had seen, he refused the money and devoted himself to the rather hopeless task of temperance reform.

He is at it still.

That must be about the biggest sum that has ever been refused for the sake of conscience. Smaller sacrifices are of daily occurrence.

An Oxford undergraduate on one occasion forwarded the Great Western Railway a cheque for £50, accompanied by a letter in which the writer explained that he had frequently travelled over the company's line taking with him in the carriage a number of books.

He had since learned that books were not, strictly speaking, personal luggage, and ought therefore to have been paid for, and he considered that the £50 was about the amount he owed the company, plus interest on the years that had passed.

The cheque was returned to the sender, for the railway authorities felt it unjust to benefit by his super-conscientiousness, but next day back it came, with a curt intimation that the writer knew what he was about and would take no refusal.

The proprietors of a Strand tea-shop recently received a letter which contained coin that was not registered. They had consequently to pay twopence for it, and on opening it they discovered a penny and the following letter:

"After attending a matinee recently I had tea with a friend at your shop. I did not desire to appear greedy, and, as my friend was paying, I told him, when he asked how many cakes I had had, one less than the actual number. For this additional cake I therefore enclose payment and trust that you will acknowledge receipt in the agony columns of all the London newspapers."

As the advertisement required would have run the company into an expenditure of several pounds, and as they were already a penny out of pocket, not to mention their cake, they did not meet her wishes.

In July 1882 a man named Ledger was murdered near Durham. Efforts to find his assailant proved fruitless, and the case was forgotten till March 1905, when a man named Appleton confessed at Yarmouth that he was the murderer.

For twenty-three years, he said, remorse had preyed upon him, until at last he could bear it no longer and confessed.

When he was brought up for trial, however, he changed his mind and pleaded not guilty, explaining that he had made the confession while under a delusion, being subject to delusions since an accident which he had had to his head.

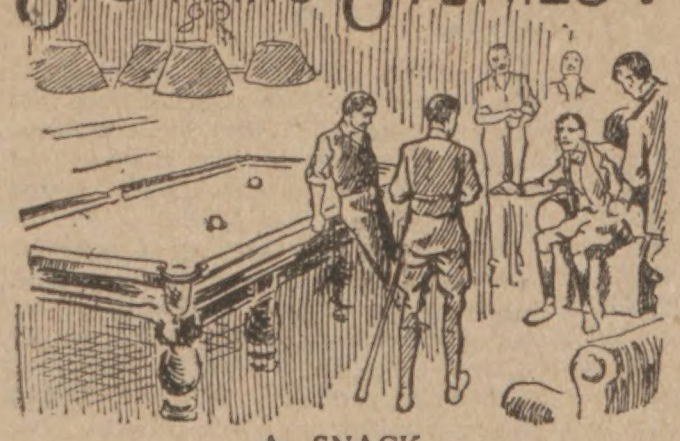
His confession was, however, corroborated on investigation.

For the comic side of conscience we must turn to the newly civilised native.

Such a one, being in charge of a lonely railway station on the Nile, recently telegraphed to Khartoum that his house was surrounded with "lions, leopards, hyenas and bears," but a closer observation showed him that this was inaccurate, and, prompted by conscience, he again telegraphed—this time only the two words: "Delete bears."

A. J. BEALE.

SPORTING STORIES.



A SNACK.

He was a dashing young man from town, and as he stuck his thumbs in the armholes of his scarlet waistcoat he told the patrons of the "Spotted Pig" what giddy times he had in town—eh, what? He could do anything, or anybody.

"There's one thing you can't do," said the landlord, "and that is put an egg inside your mouth and take it out again."

When the young man offered to attempt it, the landlord hastened to the hutch of his diligent hen, and returned with an egg, which promptly vanished inside the young man's mouth. He was just about to pull it out again when somebody pushed against him from behind, and his teeth broke the shell. There was a miniature explosion, and the young man left the bar and an aroma behind him.

The landlord had been annoyed with the young man because his brag kept the attention of the customers from their beer, but still it was, perhaps, purely by accident that he selected for the experiment a nest egg which had been laid many, many months before.

NOT UP TO THE HILT.

The lord of the manor was fond of everything connected with the stage, and he determined to get up an amateur dramatic performance for the entertainment of his house party. The piece was an ambitious one, and as all the guests wanted showy parts he was obliged to enlist some of his servants as supers.

John, the under gardener, was a dull young man and it happened that he was allotted the part of a courtier whose duty it was in a certain scene to retire from the stage to fetch a sword for his lord and master. And John had during rehearsal handed it in such a way that the lord of the manor was obliged to take it by the blade.

"You idiot!" said the lord of the manor, "hand it to me so that I can grasp the hilt."

John laid his command to heart, but he had small faith in his powers of memory, and lest he should forget he hit upon a scheme.

If this storyette were illustrated, dear reader, you would see a picture of John standing behind the scenes on the night of the performance holding the metal hilt of the sword in a gas jet. If all the data for this history were laid before you, you would observe an advertisement which John inserted in next day's paper asking for a new job.

FOR TWO.

The curate and the bishop sat on the afterdeck chatting and watching the seabirds trying to invent new games. Presently said the bishop:

"My friend, I think I should like at the present moment a cigar above all things on earth. Have you any objection to my smoking one?"

The curate was very mild, but he felt that under the circumstances some slight form of protest was necessary.

Disaster had been looming before him for the last half-hour, and he felt that the smell of tobacco would turn the balance.

"I don't mind, your lordship," he said, "if you don't object to my being sick."

"Steward," cried the bishop as that official passed by, "a cigar, an ash tray, and a basin."

FOOTBALLERS AS MEN.

Ah, tell them, they are men!—GRAY.

The old-fashioned prejudice against the professional footballer still exists in many quarters. If every inhabitant of Britain were asked what he thought professional footballers did in their leisure time more than half of them would probably answer that they supposed they drank and generally made beasts of themselves.

There are professionals who do this.

They, however, are—happily for the game—exceptions, and a wide acquaintance with professional players leads me to the conclusion that they are exactly as other men—good and bad by nature, but they have the discipline of training to keep them from many temptations to which others are liable.

The footballer who drank to excess would not be tolerated by the manager of his team, and, even on such points as are outside the control of his employers, the average footballer keeps himself straight for the simple reason that he is known to everybody, and he walks perpetually in the bright light of notoriety.

It has been said that the hobby betrays the man. If so our professional footballers have not much to be ashamed of.

Many devote their spare time to the care and breeding of birds and dogs, and some even to sketching and the study of nature. In regard to intellectual attainments at least one professional—R. C. Hamilton, to wit—can write M.A. after his name.

To suppose that the footballer is a blatant brute is to harbour an egregious mistake. I knew one footballer who gave up the game in the midst of a glorious career, simply because he could not endure the notoriety which attached to him.

He was the idol of a large part of the population of the town in which he lived, and it was impossible for him to go down the street without being pointed at, and this he could not endure. Here we have an evidence of sensitiveness that disproves the general belief that the footballer is a person of coarse tastes and has an absolute lack of fine feelings.

You must remember also that the professional footballer is for the most part of the same social status as a working man. The majority of them were miners, factory hands, draymen and so forth before their ability at football was discovered. The salaries which they now enjoy enable them to improve themselves in many respects, and the intercourse with intelligent people which is forced upon them, and the observations which they are bound to make when travelling from place to place, cannot but have an elevating effect upon their characters.

The professional footballer is a man with a warm heart in spite of appearances.

Watch a football match and you will observe some very nasty and shady tricks—hacking, tripping and so on—but these are the outcome of present conditions and are not evidences of flaws in the characters of the men. The present conditions which govern football make it imperative that a team shall win by fair means or foul and the players are, at least indirectly, encouraged by the club directors to resort to trickery so long as it is subtly done and unobserved by the referee.

In this respect therefore the players are victims of environment. When they are entirely free agents you will find them to be open-handed in the extreme. An old player who has fallen on evil days, or even a linesman or referee whom they scarcely know, can always rely upon assistance being forthcoming from these modern gladiators.

The footballer is not a producer, but neither is the actor or the singer, but, like them, he serves a useful purpose in the harmless entertainment of the public.

Bred in poverty and newly possessed of comparative wealth, he behaves not only as well as his class but better than them, a fact which is a credit to him and a compliment to the disciplinary benefits of the game.

F. WATSON.

Our Readers' Opinions.

WHAT I LIKE.

A big dinner, for one thing, with a glass of something after it, and there are lots of other things I enjoy too, but the thing I like most is a long walk on a bad day.

I don't have the chance of such a thing except on Saturday afternoons or Sundays, but then I make up for being kept a prisoner through the week.

When my landlady tells me, when she calls me on a Sunday morning, that it's raining, she expects me to be sad about it, but I can't even pretend to be. I get up in double quick time, dress myself in a knicker suit, a pair of heavy boots and gaiters, bolt my breakfast and go round to the digs of my special chum.

Off we go together, splashing along the muddy roads, not talking much, not even looking about us much, just drinking in the fresh air and delighting in the exercise.

On soft roads you can walk miles and miles without getting tired, and under such conditions we walk all day, except when we stop to have something to eat. After a walk like that you get home tired and yet fresh. It's fine, and it sets you up for the whole week.

HARRIER HINTS.

Most men who come out for a spin with our club for the first time, get badly winded, and I have known some be actually sick.

It's no use denying that the power of staying over a five mile run comes largely with practice, but there are one or two things that would help the beginner to make a better show.

In the first place he should not smoke for three or four hours before he starts to run, because smoking seems to cut your breath, and at your first attempt you want it all.

Secondly he should arrange his previous meal so that it is digested before he starts.

Thirdly he should have his feet in good hard condition with walking, and his legs strong with cycling.

Lastly he should see that the elastic at the top of his shorts doesn't come on his waist line.

When you are breathing as hard as you can, a lot of it is done with the abdomen, and it is the pressure of the elastic across his stomach that makes the beginner sick.

He ought to fold down his shorts so that the elastic comes across his hip bones. The jersey or the sweater comes down over that, so that appearances are quite decent.

THEATRE GOING.

Maybe I am very innocent and sensitive, but till recently I have felt very wicked after attending the theatre. The play is to me a great source of joy, and I have never been able to keep away from it, but every time I paid my two shillings for a seat the thought would come forward that it was more than I could afford, for my weekly screw is only thirty-five shillings.

It wasn't so bad till the play was over; then I couldn't help thinking that I hadn't got anything tangible to bring away for my money.

Now that is all past and I go to the theatre with a light heart. What is the secret?

Just this. Instead of going to the two-shilling seats, I now patronise the sixpenny gallery at Saturday afternoon performances. I have discovered that the gallery audience at a matinee is not at all rough; and the price suits my purse.

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

To do full justice to your Christmas dinner, follow this plan, which I have found answers remarkably well.

Don't get up too early in the morning, eat very little breakfast, and have a good hard spin on your bicycle, or a game of football or hockey, finishing up about half-an-hour before the banquet is to begin.

You will then have an appetite on you that will successfully tackle the heaviest of plum puddings and the richest of turkeys and roast beef.

Dealing with them accounts for the afternoon. In the evening just play some of the usual house games, and go for a stroll and a breath of air before retiring. Don't be too late in getting to bed.

If you follow this programme, you will have all the Christmas joys with none of the after effects.

CYCLE LAMPS.

I wonder if there is a paper that has not told its readers at some time that they ought to put a lump of camphor in their bicycle lamps, and soak the wick in vinegar, to have a good light.

I have tried all these tips, but I never found them make much difference. If the oil you are using is nine parts paraffin, nothing you can mix with it will give you a clear light or keep your lamp from smoking.

The great secret is to use a pure oil. Get the best your dealer has, even if it costs double the price of the other.

With good oil in your lamp it will always be clean, and you will have plenty of illumination, which makes a lot of difference to your comfort and safety when you are out on your bike after dark.

Many a cyclist has never permitted himself to experience the delights of a night run, just because he knows his lamp will be troublesome.

Try the above tip, and you will have no more trouble on that score.

CIGARETTE ROLLING.

The pipe smoker finds the ordinary ready-made cigarette too mild, and he says when you offer him one that he can't smoke cigarettes at all. Let him try one made out of his own pipe tobacco; he will find it very good, especially just after breakfast.

Many men fail to roll a cigarette properly, and tear the paper when they lick it. That is because they turn the edge up and run their tongues along the gummed surface.

The right way is to let the paper lie flat and lick it from the top side. The moisture goes through to the gum and the cigarette is securely fastened, without any risk of tearing the paper.

Another tip is this: try sometimes making a very thin cigarette. Strip off about a quarter of an inch from the paper all along its length; then put in a little tobacco and roll it up. This gives you a thin cigarette without an extra proportion of paper. You will like such a cigarette when you don't feel inclined for a thick one.

HOW TO STAND.

Many a well-developed man spoils his appearance by standing in a slovenly manner; he walks all right but when he stops he begins to look awkward and ill-set-up.

Just remember, when you are standing still, to keep your chest out and your waist in. If you attend to that, your hands and arms—usually awkward members—will assume a natural and therefore a pleasing position.

Besides, standing more or less at attention is better for the health than slouching. As soon as you drop your shoulders, you impede the proper action of your lungs.

IT'S YOUR PARAGRAPH WE WANT.

There must be something you can tell your fellow readers—something that would interest them—something new. Put it into a paragraph and send it along; if it needs a bit of polishing up we'll do it. Don't exceed 250 words, and use a postcard if you like.

Each week we pay £1 1s. for the best, and 5s. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the guinea goes to Mr. H. Jaques, 15, St. John's Road, Seven Kings, Essex, for "Be a Territorial."

BE A TERRITORIAL.

There are many young fellows who do not care for, or have not the aptitude for sports, and so they find themselves with spare time which they are at a lack how to employ.

I would suggest that they should join the Territorial Army.

After a time, when you have settled down to the work, it gets very interesting. Shooting at the butts, occasional sham fights and parades form a pleasant relaxation from ordinary business life, and the yearly camp makes a splendid and economical holiday.

You come back feeling very fit, and ready for anything in the way of work which may lie before you.

I am certain more fellows would join did they only know the delights of Territorialism—the splendid exercise, the fun, the rare good fellowship, the possible utility to the country in time of peril.

The man who has few friends and wants to have more—of the very best sort—should join the Territorials at once.

CAVALRY OVERALLS.

The smart appearance of the cavalry soldier is due in great measure to his well fitting trousers—or, as he calls them—overalls.

As you will have noticed, they fit very closely to the legs and are strapped tightly down beneath his boots. Possibly you may have wondered why the knees of the cavalryman's trousers do not get baggy, for it is well-known that this is the usual fate of trousers that fit tightly.

The secret lies in the material from which the overalls are made; it is of a specially elastic substance, and, though it bulges at the knee when the wearer sits down, the fibres of the cloth at once resume their former shape as soon as the leg is straightened again.

As these trousers fit over Wellingtons, the tailor has an easier task in securing a good result than if he had to build them for the ordinary, unprotected civilian calf, and his work is generally good. But it does not always satisfy the man chiefly concerned, and many troopers of our crack regiments have their overalls specially made at their own expense by some expert military tailor.

The cloth of which cavalry overalls is made is very hard-wearing, and, being of a dark navy-blue colour is quite suitable for making up into a civilian suit. If you fancy a suit of this material, any military tailor will make you one, but the price is rather stiff. That, however, is more than counterbalanced by the extra long life of such a suit.

CAB THIEVES.

No London cabby cares to have his cab for long out of his sight, apart altogether from the police regulations as to leaving a vehicle unattended. What he dreads is having it stolen.

Stealing cabs is the speciality of a small class of thieves, and the criminal in other lines is not averse from turning his hand to this when opportunities occur.

It would be impossible to sell a stolen cab, for the suspicions of the hirer it was offered to would be aroused. The thief's usual custom is to drive to some distant part of the metropolis and earn as many shillings as he can plying for hire in the ordinary way. Being an unlicensed driver he runs considerable risk of falling foul of the police; but he takes that risk as part of the game.

A day is usually the limit, for by the end of that time the horse will be unable to work from hunger, and the thief dare not take it to a yard to get a feed. He therefore either abandons the horse and cab in a back street, or he drives boldly into a cab rank and leaves it there. With him he generally takes the rubber tyres, the lamps, rugs, mat and whip.

In due course the deserted cab is found and taken to the police, and the cabby regains his property, but a conviction for having left his vehicle unattended is more than likely to follow.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

A BID FOR LIBERTY.

By BERNARD S. LANE.

The convict saw the egg and picked it up.

There were many points about it that could not fail to attract attention. To begin with, instead of being a creamy white, the shell had been dyed pale blue, and, moreover, by its lightness he knew the moment he lifted it that it had been blown.

A quick scrutiny showed him that one end of the egg had been cut out and patched with another piece of shell, and from this he surmised that the natural contents of the egg must have been replaced with something much more interesting.

To investigate it now was, of course, out of the question, for the eyes of the warder were never long removed from his direction. So he placed the egg in his pocket, and crushed it there, feeling a paper as the shell crumbled between his fingers.

This happened in the morning. The day passed with unusual rapidity for Dan Clark, for he was as anxious to investigate the paper he had so unexpectedly discovered as a young lady might be to read a sweetheart's letter. When the time came for forming up preparatory to returning within the prison walls, Clark concealed the paper inside his mouth, and thus avoided all danger of its being discovered when he, along with his fellow convicts, was submitted to the usual search.

Once back in his cell, he squatted on the floor, resting his back against the door, so that he could not be seen from the spy-hole; and there he unfolded the paper the egg shell had contained and read:

"Dear Harry,

"If ever you are going to escape from that infernal prison, you must begin to think seriously about it now. When you were in Parkhurst we made several attempts to communicate with you, and we did our best to bribe the warders, but to no purpose.

"Ever since you have been transferred to Dartmoor we have been plotting and scheming how to set you at liberty. Now that the winter mists are making their daily appearance, you have many opportunities of making off without much danger of being hit. Let us urge you therefore to make a dash for it at the earliest possible moment.

"On the back of this are two maps, carefully copied from the Ordnance Survey. The one in the corner gives you the environs of the prison on a fairly large scale; the other is a smaller scale chart of the road between Princetown and Exeter.

"If you look at the upper map you will observe a place less than two miles east of the prison called Two Bridges. You will have no difficulty in finding it, for the only two roads running in that direction lead to it.

"I want you to suppose that you are standing on the bridge, and looking north. About a hundred yards up the little valley through which the stream runs, you will see a thicket on the bank nearest the prison. Near the centre of this thicket is a stunted oak tree.

"When you find it, you will see just at the west side of it that the ground has recently been disturbed. You will observe the turf carefully beaten down, but cut into pieces which you can easily remove. When you have lifted the turf and scraped away a little earth beneath it you will find a large tin case with a lid on top. Inside this case is a bicycle, a suit of clothes, a wig, a false beard, and as much money as you are likely to need.

"Teddy Sanderson and I brought the whole affair out in a motor-car, and, on the pretence that we were Government officials making a survey, we managed to get it concealed without anyone being the wiser.

"Through a telescope we have watched you for three days in succession digging on the prison farm, and we now place this message at the spot where you left off to-day, in the belief that you will be working there to-morrow.

"Keep a good heart, old man, for you will shortly be back amongst your own friends, and I trust that the first to welcome you will be

"Arthur Steadley."

Dan Clark whistled when he had finished reading this extraordinary communication.

"Here's a rum go!" he said. "Whoever would have thought now that Harry Pollock would have been transferred to the quarries this morning and that I should have been put in his place at the farm. It's a proper sort of go, I should say!"

His first impulse was to hand the communication over to his warder in order to ingratiate himself with the authorities, for Clark was not a man of any particular amount of feeling, and the fact that such an action would probably lead to trouble for the man for whom the letter had been intended, did not weigh with him at all.

He thought better of this plan, however, after a little consideration. The question might naturally be asked why he had not handed over the message immediately on discovering it, and so he might himself get into the bad books of the officials. He pondered upon this till the lights were turned out, and, just as he was getting into bed, it occurred to him that he might use the information thus accidentally acquired and make an attempt at escape himself.

The story of Harry Pollock's conviction was very well known to him. A more or less correct account of the trial had filtered into the prison, as all criminal news does. He had heard how Pollock, a young undergraduate, had gone on a poaching expedition with a notorious character, how they had been discovered by keepers, how the professional poacher had shot one of them dead, and how Harry had been arrested and finally sentenced to five years penal servitude as an accessory before the fact.

The case had been much discussed at the time. Some had rejoiced in the sentence as an exhibition of our impartial law, which is supposed to treat rich and poor alike, but the general public regarded the verdict as a gross miscarriage of justice, for it was fairly obvious that the young man had gone poaching for the fun of the thing, and had had no part whatsoever in the murder of the keeper. Various petitions had been presented to the Home Secretary, but so far without result.

Dan Clark reflected that the communication which he now had beneath his pillow probably emanated from some of Pollock's 'Varsity friends, for the shell of the egg had been dyed after the well-known Cambridge colours.

In the morning he studied the maps till he became quite familiar with them; then he tore the paper in a hundred tiny scraps and concealed the fragments inside a seam in his mattress.

That very evening an opportunity occurred for Clark to put his scheme in practice. At four o'clock a mist of exceptional intensity came sweeping down from the tors upon the farm, and the warders in charge of the convicts immediately gave orders that they should form up and return to the prison.

Dan Clark threw down his spade and bolted, ducking as the bullets from the warders' rifles whistled harmlessly past him.

The prison bell boomed dully out through the mist, and the shouts of the warders mingled with the clatter of hoofs, as some of the civil guard rode forth in each direction.

Clark had expected these things, and the sounds that struck his ear, far from frightening him, merely nerved him to his utmost endeavour. The thickness of the mist enabled him to keep close to the road without much fear of detection, and thus to run less danger of losing his way and failing to find Two Bridges. More than once mounted men clattered past him as he crouched behind the wall, and he knew that the telegraph wire that hung above his head had already sent its message far to the eastward that a murderer, who had narrowly escaped the gallows, had broken prison.

Darkness had set in when he finally reached the thicket to which the letter referred. Without much trouble he discovered the tree, and unearthed the tin case. Raising the lid, he pulled forth the bicycle and the clothes.

The machine was of the latest pattern, but its goodness had been well disguised by the substitution of a handle bar from which the plating had long since departed. This shabbiness had been carefully calculated to suit the character which the escaping man was intended to represent. The clothes were black and glazed. The beard and hair were white, and the hat was of a semi-clerical pattern.

A waterproof case, containing some religious magazines, showed Clark that the character he was supposed to impersonate was that of a colporteur.

The difference between his real and his assumed character was considerable, and he laughed.

Having made a meal from biscuits, tinned beef, and condensed milk, and having donned the borrowed raiment, he thrust his convict suit into the tin case, closed down the lid, and replaced the turf above it. Then, wheeling his bicycle, he left the thicket and descended to the road, striking it just beside the hotel.

He had every confidence in his disguise, but he did not care to take the risk of entering the inn and having refreshment, so, lighting his lamp, he pedalled steadily eastwards.

Whether the prison authorities had taken the precaution of scattering some hobnails at various points in the road, or whether these articles had found their position there after being dropped from the boots of country labourers, the fact remains that before he had ridden twenty minutes Clark's tyres were punctured, and he had perforce to sit down by the roadside and repair the damage. Placing his lamp on the grass beside him, he was busily engaged removing the cover when a mounted civil guard rode up.

The official peered closely in his face but failed to penetrate his disguise, and such was Clark's coolness that he even demanded the other's assistance to repair his puncture, whining meantime about the crosses that a good man like him had to bear.

But the civil guard had other business to do than that of helping unfortunate cyclists to repair their machines, so he rode on.

The lesson of the encounter was not, however, lost on the convict. He realised that the next searcher he met might not be so easily fooled, he saw that he was courting discovery by travelling at night, and so he determined to seek lodgings at the next place he came to.

A few miles farther on he found on the right side of the road a large house which was run in the summer time as a temperance hotel but which was now deserted by its patrons, and here he sought and obtained shelter. The landlord of the place had heard of the escape of the convict and inquired of his visitor whether he had learned anything new concerning him.

To this Clark replied that he had himself been challenged by a civil guard, for he knew that the surest way of deceiving an interrogator was to tell him the truth in all unessential points.

Early on the following morning Clark set out

once more, determined to reach Exeter by noon if possible.

On the outskirts of Moreton Hampstead he encountered a cyclist who was pedalling slowly in the opposite direction. Immediately he passed, the stranger turned and rode quickly as if with the intention of overtaking the sham colporteur. Clark was not now far from safety, and he determined to trust in flight rather than in his powers of parley, and so he plugged along, indifferent to the shouts of the other cyclist to stop.

He might as well have tried to escape from an express train, for the stranger was a young man of enormous stature and strength, and before they had raced a minute he was alongside.

"Harry Pollock!" he cried, "Don't you know me?"

Clark shook his head impatiently.

"You can't have forgotten Arthur Steadley," cried the stranger. "It isn't possible, in spite of all you've gone through. Get off, man! I've something most important to tell you."

Dan Clark cursed beneath his breath, but it would have been folly to have disobeyed, for he was already exhausted with the unaccustomed exercise and more particularly with the sharp sprint he had just indulged in, and he knew very well that the stranger was fresh and easily able to run him down should he refuse.

So he got off and tried to adapt himself to the new circumstances with which he was met. For him to speak would have been folly, for his voice would have betrayed him to this young man who was obviously the author of the letter he had purloined, and so, when Steadley again asked whether he did not recollect him, Clark drew his hand across his brow, sighed heavily and shook his head as if his hardships had deprived him of his memory.

But the scheme failed.

As he raised his eyes he encountered those of the stranger.

"Great Scott!" cried Steadley. "What's this? These are not the eyes of Harry Pollock!"

With that he clutched the false beard and pulled it from the convict's face, revealing features that proved conclusively that the preparations he had made for his friend's release had been turned to account by some other person.

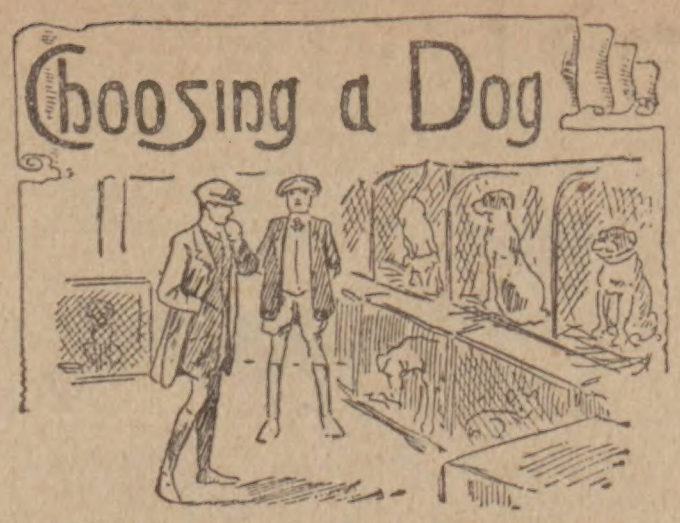
It is only fair to say that, had Clark put himself at the mercy of Steadley, the latter would have assisted him in every way and seen him clear out of danger, for Steadley was as large of heart as he was of person. But, unfortunately for the fugitive, a mounted warder came round a bend of the road at that particular moment and beheld the two men, one rooted to the ground with fear, the other standing with a false beard in his hand.

The game was up and Dan Clark was the first to recognise the fact. He had made a bid for liberty and lost, and now he quietly submitted as the warder placed the handcuffs upon him.

Newspaper readers learned that night that the escaped convict had been recaptured, and those who had read of other escapes were not greatly surprised, for it is an established fact that no man has ever succeeded in escaping from Dartmoor prison and eluding recapture for long.

On the following morning there was another item of news concerning the prison, but one less sensational in character. It was this:

"Our readers will recollect that nine months ago a young man named Harry Pollock was convicted of being an accessory to the murder of a gamekeeper. Mr. Pollock, prompted by a love of novelty, had accompanied a poacher on a nocturnal expedition, and it was this poacher who shot the gamekeeper. Representations have been made to the Home Secretary, and many petitions have been signed and submitted, one of which, as our readers will recollect, we ourselves organised. We are glad to be able to announce that the various supplications have at length borne fruit, for Pollock was yesterday released from Dartmoor and given a free pardon."



FACTS FOR THE BUYER'S CONSIDERATION.

Do not on any account consent to having a dog forced upon you by a well-meaning friend whose lady-dog has presented him with too many pups. It may be of some breed wholly unsuited for your purposes and your mode of life. Select a kind that meets your every requirement, even if you have to pay for it instead of getting it for nothing.

If you live in the country I should say an Airedale terrier is the dog for you. He is active and willing to go anywhere you go; he is intelligent, and can be taught to drive sheep or retrieve game, and he is death on rats. His one fault—and he shares it with his more favoured rival the Irish terrier—is his unloveliness; no matter how carefully you wash him and brush him, he will always look shaggy and unkempt. The lover of the breed does not, of course, observe this, but his acquaintances do.

If you want a dog as a house-guard, select one of the ferocious-looking breeds. The tramp who sees a bull-terrier or a bulldog at the other side of the gate is much less likely to pay you a nocturnal visit than if you kept a collie.

A Skye terrier will arouse the household at the first sound of a burglar's footstep, and the Great Dane will seize the intruder by the throat; but you want prevention rather than cure; you want the burglar kept off altogether, and it is an ugly dog that does the trick.

Bulldogs will always remain favourites with those that can afford them, but it is well to warn those ignorant of the breed that the bulldog lacks many of the characteristics which one considers essential in a true canine friend. In most cases he is lazy, and he does not care to go very far with you; neither is he remarkable for his intelligence. You must balance against this the fact that he is extremely gentle and usually affectionate. He is undeniably quaint and is certain to be admired wherever you take him.

Another quaint dog, and one well-suited to the town-dweller, is the dachshund. He is extremely affectionate, and his hair is short and easily kept clean. He is not too boisterous and does not make himself a nuisance; he has, in fact, that repose which is conducive to the firmest of friendship.

The bull-terrier is praised too much by his friends and blamed too much by his enemies. He is intelligent and affectionate to those with whom he is well-acquainted, but he lacks the quality of gentleness.

You may train a bull-terrier to overcome its pugnacity on most occasions, and you may feel secure in the knowledge that it is unlikely to attack other dogs casually in the street, but the time arrives when your bull-terrier will give itself the luxury of a fight to the death.

To be with him then is unpleasant.

Great Danes and St. Bernards are both excellent companions, but they require an enormous amount of food and house-room. Collies and retrievers are both first-rate dogs for the country, the charge of treachery brought against the former being quite unfounded.

Fox-terriers, whether rough or smooth haired, are ideal dogs for the town or country. Knowing, cleanly, and boisterously affectionate, they have also inherited the keenest sporting instincts and are always ready for a day's ratting.

L. GRIGGS.

HINDOO MAGIC.

"Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful."
—TENNYSON.

The feats done by Hindoo fakirs are familiar to Europeans, and most of them have been fully explained by modern conjurers. The only trouble is that the fakir does not do his trick in the manner which the conjurer alleges.

Take the feat of throwing a rope in the air and climbing up it out of sight. A well-known conjurer recently explained that this feat was invariably performed in the courtyard of a house, that a strong rope had been already stretched from one roof to another across the courtyard, and that the fakir's rope had a hook on the end which attached itself to the horizontal rope.

Such an explanation will not hold water. The fakirs seldom or never do this feat in a courtyard, preferring the open lawn in front of the bungalow.

All you see is this: The fakir salaams to the assembled Europeans, produces a rope from a sack which lies on the ground beside him, whirls the rope for a moment about his head and then pitches it skywards. Instead of falling down, the rope appears to hang from the heavens, and presently the fakir climbs up it till he disappears from view.

The feat of making a mango tree grow in a few minutes, has also been explained by conjurers. They allege that the fakir conceals his tree by curtains, disclosing it from time to time to his audience in order that they may observe the progress of its growth; and they suggest that after each exhibition of the tree he plucks it up and substitutes a longer one in its place.

The explanation would be very plausible, but the fakir does not use any curtains or concealment whatsoever. He simply plants a seed in the ground, waters it, and you observe the tree shoot forth and upwards, see the leaves and branches develop, and finally observe it as mysteriously vanish into the ground.

It might be suggested that the ground has been prepared, and that underneath is some sort of cellar from which the tree is pushed up by an assistant. This theory is knocked on the head by two facts: First, that the fakir comes to your own lawn where there can have been constructed no such contrivance, and that he is willing to perform on any spot you may choose; secondly, that you observe not only the trunk expanding, but see the branches also pushing their way from the parent stem.

Some fakirs place a boy in a basket, stab it in every direction, bringing forth yells and blood, and finally open the lid showing you that the basket is empty; the supposed victim then appears from a remote corner of the compound.

This is explained by the supposition that the boys coils himself round the bottom of the basket, leaving a space in the centre in which the sword may be plunged, that the blood proceeds from a bladder which he carries, and that, when the basket is to be opened, the fakir turns it sideways and the boy crawls beneath his flowing robes. The suggestion is made that the boy who runs up is another native resembling the first.

This would all be very pretty, but the fakir does not wear robes, generally only a loin clout.

I once saw a fakir apparently hack a boy into small pieces, place the pieces together again and produce the original boy as lively as ever. I remarked to a friend who was watching the performance from the window of the bungalow that it was ghastly to see him cut up that boy.

"I did not see him cut up a boy," replied my friend, "but I saw him cut up a large gourd."

This to my mind gives us all the explanation we are ever likely to get. The fakir does not really accomplish any of his feats, but by some science, unknown to western minds, projects upon the brains of his audience any particular picture which he may have in his own thoughts. It is essentially different from hypnotism in that he influences so many different people in the same way, and whether they are sceptics or not.

KENNETH BARKER, *Capt.*

HYPNOTISM

INSIGHT INTO AN INTERESTING SCIENCE.

There is no magic connected with hypnotism, which has now become a science more or less exact. Certain of its developments still remain unexplained, but it resembles electricity in that scientists understand exactly what it is capable of doing though nobody knows exactly of what it consists.

The only people who desire to make the public believe that there are valuable secrets connected with hypnotism are the advertising quacks, who sell you for a sovereign about as much information as you would get in a sixpenny booklet. For their discomfiture and the general enlightenment of my readers let me recount certain established facts connected with this fascinating science.

In the first place there is no sort of magic fluid passing from the hands of the operator to the brain of the subject.

INDUCING THE HYPNOTIC SLEEP.

All the former does is to make certain movements which hold the subject's attention and thus prevent his thoughts from wandering; the form of the movements is designed to be restful and to induce slumber. Suggestions that slumber is coming on are generally made while the movements are being carried out.

Four people in every five can be hypnotised, and the proportion of those possessing hypnotic powers is even greater.

The late Lord Tennyson, for example, possessed the power to a remarkable degree. A physician who had been attending him discovered this, and frequently enlisted the help of the poet in the cure of nervous complaints that had defied ordinary medical skill. His lordship's method of inducing the hypnotic state was to blow gently into the eyes of the subject, who had already been assured by the doctor that he or she would fall into a deep slumber.

This serves to illustrate the simplicity of hypnotising. The quacks who pretend that it is difficult, are merely endeavouring to enhance their reputation for knowledge.

POST-HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION.

Dr. Edwin Ash, resident anæsthetist to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, has made many extremely interesting experiments with hypnotism.

In one case he hypnotised a porter at the East Sussex Hospital, Hastings, and, while the man was still in the hypnotic state, the doctor commanded him to go into a certain ward-room as soon as he awakened, borrow a pencil and a piece of paper and write on it, "God save the King."

The man was roused and became possessed of all his usual intelligence, but shortly afterwards he entered the ward in question and requested the astonished sister to give him pencil and paper. At this time he seemed to have relapsed into a half-dazed condition, but when he had written on the paper, "God save the King," he immediately brightened up and became as fresh as ever.

He had no idea why he had written such a thing, and made some joke about his sudden access of loyalty.

Here we have a case of post-hypnotic suggestion, the subject doing something which appears even to himself motiveless, but which had been impressed upon his sub-conciousness during the state of sleep. This opens up a wide field of conjecture, and it is almost certain that many crimes have been unknowingly committed by hypnotist making such post-hypnotic suggestions to their subjects.

Colonel Meysey-Thompson has described a terrible scene which he witnessed during an exhibition of hypnotism at Cambridge University. The hypnotist was an undergraduate, and his subject a fellow-student of slight build and size.

UNNATURAL STRENGTH.

As a final experiment the hypnotist assured him that a gigantic undergraduate who was present was an implacable personal enemy whom he must murder. Without the slightest hesitation the stripling dashed at the giant's throat and endeavoured to strangle him.

In spite of their disparity in size, there could have been little doubt how the combat would have ended had it been allowed to continue; as it was, three men had to exert their utmost efforts to drag the subject from his intended victim.

In regard to the curing of disease Mr. Douglas Bryan, M.R.C.S., of Leicester, has made several instructive experiments. He has used hypnotism as an anæsthetic in surgical cases and in child birth.

One of his most interesting cures was that of a dipsomaniac who was suffering from the effects of a three days' debauch. When the doctor called, his pulse was 120 per minute, and he complained of pains in the heart and palpitation. When he had been hypnotised, the suggestion was made to him that his pulse would beat more slowly and that the pains would disappear.

HYPNOTISM AND DISEASE.

He woke up in less than two minutes, and his pulse was now 88 per minute, while the pains in the cardiac region had entirely vanished. The suggestion was also made to him that he would not again drink strong liquor, and he has so far acted upon it.

Hypnotism is, of course, valueless in cases that need surgical treatment, but in those associated with functional disorders it is of the highest utility. Insomnia, neuralgia, neurasthenia, and certain affections of the heart yield quickly to this treatment. It is one of the best cures for intemperance, drug-taking, and all other bad habits.

There is enough mystery about hypnotism to make it profitable to the travelling and music-hall operator as well as to the advertising charlatan. Such exhibitions should unquestionably be stopped by law.

Dr. Felkin has stated that men who are constantly hypnotised by public entertainers almost inevitably become lunatics. The sufferings through which they go while under hypnotism also impose a terrific strain upon their constitutions. Needles are threaded through their cheeks and hands, but apart from the slight wound inflicted this does them no harm, for they are exactly in the same condition as a person under chloroform, so far as pain is concerned.

SUFFERINGS ON THE STAGE.

When they suffer is when the hypnotist tells them that they have only five minutes more to live. A hypnotic subject believes exactly what the operator assures him is the truth, and he will under these circumstances immediately fall upon his knees and pray till the sweat pours from him. The agony of mind through which he passes must have an extremely disastrous effect; the result, in fact, is scarcely to be distinguished from that of having passed through a real crisis.

And all this is for the entertainment of an audience that rocks itself with laughter.

The science is interesting to study indirectly and to read about, but to attempt to practise it, or to allow it to be practised upon you, is to take a step in the dark, to play with a two-edged sword.

C. WOLFF, B.A.

UNPLEASANT PASSENGERS.

BY A 'BUS-CONDUCTOR

At least once each day I come across a cantankerous passenger.

Take, for instance, the stout lady I picked up at Shepherd's Bush yesterday. She paid me with a penny, and about three minutes later asked why I hadn't given her change for her half-crown. I showed her all the money in my bag, and there wasn't a half-crown amongst it. She wouldn't be convinced, however, but threatened to report me. So I slipped my arm across my number badge, said nothing, and waited for developments.

By and by she rose to leave the 'bus, and I was just going to ring the bell when she informed me that she wasn't a helpless invalid and didn't want the 'bus stopped. She was standing on the step with her back to the horses, so I warned her to face the other way, but she invited me to mind my own business. Then she made her leap.

The road had just been scraped and there was a row of mud heaps at the side. As she sat down on the top of one of them, I don't suppose she hurt herself seriously.

It's necessary for the safety of my job to be polite to every passenger, and I'm always ready to act as a guide so far as possible. But there are limits.

I remember once a lady, obviously from the country, got into my 'bus in the Bayswater Road and asked me to set her down at Spangles' the jeweller's.

Spangles' is in Cornhill, about three miles from where she came on, but all down Oxford Street she poked me in the back with the point of her umbrella whenever we passed a jeweller's, and asked: "Is this Spangles'?"

I felt inclined after the thirtieth poke to take her a mile past the shop; but I resisted the temptation, and consider I earned a medal for patience, though I didn't get it.

A 'bus is a public carriage, and we can't legally compel a passenger to pay his fare till he alights, though to avoid confusion we always take it just after he enters. There is one old gent who'll never pay up till he's just stepping off the 'bus, and I'm never happy as long as he's aboard, for if an inspector happened to give me a visit and found I'd left even one fare uncollected, I'd be reported. It's unfair, but it's the rule.

You won't blame me then for doing my best to avoid carrying this old gent. He comes out of a side street every morning about nine o'clock, and, as my 'bus passes the spot just then, he has me if I'm not careful.

The driver knows about him and helps me all he can, and sometimes we manage to lead the old boy a rare dance.

If he's waiting for us there's no escape unless I can plead "Full up"; but occasionally we see him about twenty yards up his own street, and then comes my chance for making things even.

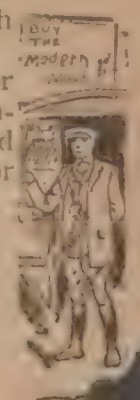
"Ting!" goes my bell, the 'bus stops and the old gent runs to catch us. I pretend I don't see him. "Ting-ting!" goes the bell again, and we drive off just as he has all but grasped the hand-rail.

When he's dropped behind a bit I stop the 'bus again, and we go through the same performance. I've had him run a hundred yards like this and miss the 'bus at the end of it. The expression on his face has compensated me for many an unquiet half-hour when he's been aboard.

The passenger we most detest, however, is the company's spy. It is the custom of most of the companies to have an understanding with various mean people that all their fares will be refunded to them if they agree to keep a close eye on the conductor and report to headquarters any breach of the rules.

I've known of a conductor being suspended for half a week for shouting a greeting to the conductor of a passing 'bus, and you can be punished in the same way for speaking to a passenger or even to the driver.

J. BOWEN.



London: Hell

VIII. MASTER CRIMINALS.

He plots, while others sin.—Southwell.

In crime just as in honest branches of activity there are free-lances; but, if the truth came out, I am convinced that in most cases of organised crimes, such as burglary and forgery, the criminals are merely pawns in the game, whose movements are controlled by a master hand who himself keeps in the background.

If such be the fact, why should not the criminals at their trial disclose the identity of their leader? Simply because to do so would be to court death. The master criminal is as desperate as he is clever, and he knows but one reward for treachery. On the other hand, where his subordinates remain faithful to him and take their punishment without making any disclosure concerning him, he is capable of rewarding them substantially when they come out of prison.

THE CASE OF DR. BRIDGEWATER.

There recently appeared in the newspapers accounts of the trial of Dr. Bridgewater, who is now serving a sentence of seven years' penal servitude. He was a man of superior education, and at a house in Oxford-Street he conducted an extensive medical practice. It was only when a confederate rounded upon him and betrayed him to the police, that anybody dreamed that he was not the respectable person he appeared to be. Investigations were made, and it was found that he was the head of a gang of forgers with headquarters in London and branch establishments in New York and Cairo.

I cite his case in support of the story I am about to tell. It was related to me by a man who has been convicted many times for housebreaking. He is one of the most interesting of the many criminal acquaintances which I have made in the course of a lifetime spent in the exploration of London's byways, but I have not at any time observed an inclination in him either to romance or invention, and as he could have no object in telling me falsehoods I am much inclined to credit what he said in its entirety.

RECENT MYSTERIES EXPLAINED.

On comparing the notes I made at the time with files of newspapers during the past few years, I have discovered that in most respects the particulars he gave me are borne out by the official accounts of the crimes, so far as they go. The majority of the cases have remained mysteries, but, if my informant's assertions are to be taken as facts, they are mysteries no longer. I have no desire to pledge my reputation on his veracity, however, and I give his tale simply on his own authority.

About the middle of 1905, he assured me, there came to London a man whose Christian name was Edward, the surname he refused to divulge. Edward had been engaged ever since the Boer war in illicit diamond buying in Cape Colony, but owing to the activity of Captain Jenner, chief of the detective department at Kimberley, he found the country too hot for him and determined to transfer himself to London.

He had plenty of money as a result of his illegal traffic in South Africa, and throughout his career as a leader of crime in London he confined himself to organising and financing others, taking no part in the actual commission of the crimes.

The first important crime which Edward engineered took place in December 1905. An agent of his approached a postman who was carrying a sack of registered letters from the post office at No. 10, Oxford-Street to his carrier tricycle standing at the edge of the pavement.

"You've dropped this letter," said the stranger, handing a registered envelope to him.

The postman wondered how this could have happened, for the registered letters were in a sealed bag inside the bag he carried, but, supposing that it had stuck to the bag and been dragged off the counter, he returned to the office to make inquiries.

He was taken completely off his guard, and, after depositing his sack in the carrier, he omitted to lock down the lid. The clerk in the post office saw at once that the letter was a dummy, for it did not bear the office stamp, and the postman dashed back to his carrier, to find that all the registered letters were gone.

There was no sign of the thief, who had bolted across the street to where an accomplice was waiting in a cab. In the letters there were many valuable cheques and a good deal of jewellery. The latter was promptly melted, and some of the former were successfully negotiated.

Edward next opened an agency for foreign men-servants, and arranged that they should be supplied with forged testimonials. Genuine applicants for employment found the fees too heavy and kept aloof, but Edward always had a supply of his own agents—young Germans and Austrians mostly—ready to take a place at a moment's notice.

He wrote letters to the various newspapers, showing how unreliable and generally objectionable was the English domestic servant, and advising other housewives (he himself wrote as one) to do as he had done, engage a foreign man-servant.

THIEVES IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

A boom for these foreigners set in, and within a month Edward had placed his various agents at highly respectable houses. Each had instructions to worm himself into the confidence of his employer and then decamp with as much as he could lay hands upon, and an extraordinary series of robberies followed.

A footman whom he had sent to a house near Godalming secured jewellery worth £2,000, while another made a similar haul at a house in Loudoun-Road, St. John's Wood. These were the star performers, several others securing smaller sums.

While the foreign servant scheme was developing, Edward engineered several successful jewel robberies at London railway termini. Mrs. Bowring-Hanbury placed a handbag containing £5,000 worth of jewels in the carriage which she proposed to occupy on her journey from Euston to the north. Edward had received information from his agents concerning these jewels, and when Mrs. Hanbury returned to the carriage the bag was gone.

ROBBING THE GOLDSMITHS COMPANY.

In February 1906 they organised a similar robbery when gems worth £700 were stolen from the Hon. E. Dawnay who was leaving King's Cross for Yorkshire by a night train.

In Christmas week of that year Edward organised a £3,000 jewel robbery from the London Goldsmiths Company in Oxford-Street. The actual thieves in this case entered by a skylight, and they cut through an iron grid by means of thermite as if the thick bars had been only matchwood.

The cleverness of the scheme lay chiefly in the fact that they at once made for the front of the shop and robbed the window and the cases immediately beside it. They were screened while doing so by the window fittings; had they worked farther back in the shop, they would inevitably have been seen by the policeman who looked through the peephole from time to time.

One of the most gigantic of Edward's schemes was put into execution in January 1907. He secured a canvas screen and a set of electricians' tools, and, armed with these, a couple of his agents boldly took up the lid of a manhole and cut off the electric supply of a section of the north side of Oxford-Street.

It was about five o'clock and darkness had fallen. When the light went out in all the great shops, there was much thieving, professional and amateur, but Edward was the person who benefited chiefly, for he had agents in every shop who had already decided which things were best worth stealing, who knew the time when the light would be cut, and who were ready to take instant advantage of the darkness.

THEFT OF THE ASCOT CUP.

We now come to what is perhaps the most astonishing of Edward's exploits—the theft of the Gold Cup at Ascot in June 1907. According to my informant, Edward actually watched this theft from a distance, although, as usual, he took no actual part in it. The Cup was guarded by a policeman and by an employee of the Haymarket jewellers who had made it.

There was the usual little crowd inspecting the Cup at the back of the grand stand, which facilitated the robbery considerably. The time for the theft was fixed to a minute, and, when the signal was given, two of Edward's agents spoke simultaneously to the policeman and the jewellers' assistant.

While the attention of the guardians of the Cup was thus distracted, a third agent, dressed as a waiter but wearing a dust coat, drew off his coat and gave it to an accomplice. Then he boldly stepped up to the Cup, slipped over it a white and red cotton cover, his action being hidden from those standing about by half a dozen confederates who crowded about the Cup at that moment.

ESCAPE BY MOTOR.

Then the bogus waiter calmly carried it away. Those who saw him supposed that he was a waiter from the refreshment department taking a tea-urn somewhere, and he was not intercepted even at the gate. A little way down the road a motor-car was waiting, and in it the Cup was hurried off to London where that very night it was melted.

From that time on to February of the present year, Edward organised the astonishing series of burglaries which took place in the west of London and in the western suburbs. It was in connection with one of these that his career finished.

A house in Surbiton had been selected because of certain valuables it contained, and on a certain evening two of Edward's agents brought a ladder and concealed it in the grounds of the house. They were interrupted from carrying out the robbery just then, and when they returned two hours later they discovered that they had been forestalled.

Another thief, not connected with Edward's gang, had seen the ladder hidden and had availed himself of it, ransacking the house and making off in safety.

WHEN ROGUES FALL OUT.

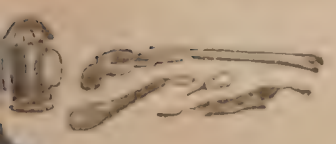
Edward was furious at discovering that his plans had miscarried; possibly he felt the thing as an insult to his professional skill. Anyhow he put into operation machinery the police know little of.

The fences, afraid to offend him, disclosed the identity of the man who had brought to them the missing articles. Edward had him hunted down, and, with a brutality that brought its own reward, ordered one of his agents to blind him of an eye. It was this yielding to the lust of revenge that terminated Edward's career. The burglar, now revengeful himself, sought him out, and stabbed him in the back.

According to my informant none of Edward's associates was sufficiently strong to take the leadership, and so that particular organisation has come to an end; but I am convinced that it is by no means the only one in the annals of present day crime.

Stuart Freeman.

[*A further article of this series will appear next week.*—Ed.]



Fatigue and Character.

A MENTAL AND PHYSICAL STUDY.

When a man is thoroughly tired out, he assumes a personality foreign to his ordinary self.

His likes and dislikes are different; so are his intellectual abilities and his temper. He is the same to look at, but he is a different man.

In the same year as myself at a Scotch university there was a Highland student, clever, hard-working and well-liked. His first year was a sort of triumphal progress, for he headed the list in two of his three classes, and he was, moreover, a more than efficient goal-keeper at the Rugby game.

I knew he was poor, and when he told me he would have to work all the summer to enable him to attend the college next session I was not surprised.

The summer passed and once more the college opened her gates, and Mac appeared.

He told me he had been putting in the hottest time in his life. During the day he had been teaching in a country school, his evenings were spent coaching future students for their preliminary examinations, and he had sat far into the night writing articles for the popular papers.

COMPLETELY CHANGED.

The result of all this was that Mac returned with plenty of money to meet all the expenses of the winter, and he confided in me his belief that his added comfort would enable him to do even better than before.

But it was not to be.

In spite of the fact that he was doing his best, he was obliged to rest content with a place about half-way up the list even in those subjects in which he was specialising.

I know he was not at that time neglecting his work, and his failure puzzled everybody. Add to this the fact that his form at Rugger was completely lost.

There was a difference in his temperament also. Formerly on the best of terms with everybody, he now became morose and standoffish.

One evening I was having a pipe and a glass with the professor of psychology, an estimable old gentleman who delights in the society of his students, and from him I got the first inkling as to the cause of Mac's downfall.

"The man," he said, "is tired out. I began to guess it on reading his first examination paper, and I have become convinced of it since. He has been overworking during the vacation."

OVERWORKED NO LONGER.

This was indeed the case. At the end of this session Mac was awarded a local scholarship which banished all monetary troubles, and the succeeding vacation he spent fishing and poaching.

At the beginning of the third session he returned as fit as a fiddle, and carried everything before him. Not only did he resume his place as leader in each class, but his geniality and his old Rugger form came back to him.

In the course of a recent conversation I mentioned the case of Mac to the secretary of one of the best known harrier clubs near London.

"I've noticed the same thing scores of times," he said. "When our men come back to the club-house after a hard run across country, there is a tendency, especially in the case of certain members, to become quarrelsome, and more than once I have had to exercise all my powers of diplomacy to prevent an open breach of good-fellowship. Men whose tempers are angelic at ordinary times, frequently become irritable when they are thoroughly fatigued.

"I have turned this fact to good account in the transaction of the club's business," he continued. "It is our custom to refer all matters of importance to a general meeting of the members. Formerly we held such meetings when the men had been rubbed down after a run, and I was much struck by the opposition that was offered to the recommendations of my committee, no matter how reasonable their proposals might be.

THE TIME FOR CLUB BUSINESS.

"Then I had an inspiration to fix these meetings before a run instead of after it, and to this arrangement we have adhered. The business now is carried through as smoothly as might be, and in half the time. It's not that the men are impatient to be off, for due consideration is given to all points at issue; it's simply because at that time their tempers have not been spoiled by fatigue."

A prominent business man, who is both an athlete and a thinker, confirmed this view when I mentioned it to him.

"I have built up my business by concentrating my energies on the problems of importance, and by leaving the details to capable assistants," he said. "That has always been my practice, and I think you may consider it as being part of my character; but when I am tired there comes a complete change.

TRIFLING DETAILS.

"After an extra hard day's work, for example, I will find myself altering the day calendar and setting it right for the next morning, a duty which is on all ordinary occasions left to the office-boy; at the same time I will find myself neglecting some question of importance on which I have been asked to give an immediate decision.

"When fatigued, I am absorbed in details and careless of important issues. I am, in a word, a different man.

"I am glad, however, that I am conscious of this difference, for thus I can guard myself against making errors. It is my fixed rule never to take any step of importance except when my brain is fresh. If I made a decision when tired out, I should want to rescind it next day, for it would be the decision of a man wholly different from my ordinary self.

"The fact that I know myself to be subject to this change makes me believe in what the scientists call dual personality, and in what the newspapers describe as Jekyll and Hyde romances."

Anyhow, the point is worth consideration.

DOUGLAS GORDON.

THE PIANIST'S GRIP.

Tall, pale-faced, and constantly smoking cigarettes, Paderewski could not by any chance be mistaken for Sandow. Nevertheless he is possessed of more strength than the casual observer would suspect.

His great hobby is his model farm, and he is never happier than when chatting with other farmers about the crops, and airing their favourite topic—the vileness of the weather.

A short time ago while staying in a country village some distance from London, he tried to start a conversation with a red-faced yeoman who was inspecting some cattle in a field.

"Nice beasts those," said Paderewski, who is a breeder of cattle, having some of the King's prize stock on his farm.

Perhaps the farmer's breakfast had been unpalatable; anyhow his reply was not polite.

"What can a poet-looking chap like you know about cattle?" he demanded.

"Well, well," said Paderewski, "don't let us quarrel about it. Shake hands to show there is no ill-feeling."

Unsuspectingly the countryman placed his hand in that of the musician, and in another minute he was fairly dancing in agony, for the "poet-like chap," through hours of practice at the piano, has a grip that would put the average blacksmith to shame.

The farmer is more cautious now.

NAVAL KENNEL NAMES.

The Navy's peaceful way.—CAMPBELL.

Supposing you enlisted in his Majesty's Navy, and supposing that your christened name was William Clark, it is quite likely that you would never hear that name during your years of service except on formal occasions.

To your messmates you would be known as Nobby, for all Clarks are called Nobby.

The name Walker is not used, Hooky taking its place; so also Bennett becomes Wiggy; Green, Jimmy; Martin, Pincher; White, Knocker; and thus through the whole list of well-known names.

Should your name be something quite out of the common run, and consequently have no ready made equivalent, your fellow A.B's. will rechristen you according to some physical peculiarity. If you are dark-haired you will be Nigger; if you have a large head you will be Nutty.

Sometimes the nicknames are much less pretty.

There is something humorous in the sailor's nickname for the captain; he always refers to him as the Owner. The doctor is the Butcher, and the men who attend the sick bay are the Poultice-wallopers.

The lieutenant is Jimmy-the-One. The signalman is the Bunting-tosser, the paymaster is Gold Dust, the carpenter is Chippy and his assistants Wood-spoilers.

The electrician is Spark, the master-at-arms Jonty, a young sailor is a Nordenfelt, the commander of the lower deck is the Bloke, and the boatswain is the Buffer.

Jack always has his knife in the Marines. Jolly is the kindest term he ever applies to them, his favourite nickname being Leathernecks or Bullocks. The seaman also despises the stoker, whom he dubs Clinker-knocker.

Every ship in his Majesty's Navy has a nickname. The *Magnificent* is the Maggie; the *Hannibal*, the Annie; the *Narcissus*, the Narky, and so forth.

The sailor's tot of rum and water is weak but welcome, and is referred to as Fanny, surname unknown. Fanny Adams is another thing altogether, and means the ration of mutton.

The sailor's hammock he calls his kipsey, his cap a chafing grummet.

Whatever you do, Jack will describe you in language of his own. If you brag, he will say that you are chawing your fat. If you refer to the dear old home and wonder what your friends on shore are thinking, he will say that you have got your snivelling valves open. If you ask for a second helping at mess, he says you are rounding the buoy, and if when ashore you drink more liquor than you can comfortably carry, he says that you are tin-hatted.

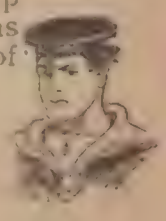
Jack's scran bag is an institution in itself. Into this bag are put all articles discovered by the ship's police, clothes, boots, and so on, and on rope-yarn Sunday, which means Thursday afternoon, the bag is opened and every article claimed has to be redeemed at the rate of a penny a time.

The men who are told off for night watch inform their mates that they are studying astronomy. Those who for some misdemeanour will be unable to be present at mess say they are dining out, and, should a man be condemned to cells, his friends say that he is in cold storage.

For one bluejacket to be raggie with another means that he is on the best of terms; for the name proclaims the fact that they keep their cleaning rags in the same bag, which is a token of the greatest friendliness.

Men who have been engaged at fishing villages and small seaports, without working their way through the Navy from boyhood stages, are known as riggers. Jack is well aware of the fact that their knowledge of seamanship is probably greater than his own, but he has the utmost contempt for their ignorance of naval life.

KEITH HENDERSON.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The Hired Assassin.

By ISAAC SPEAIGHT.

"A beggarly hundred!" exclaimed Mr. Walter Bradfield throwing the cheque disgustedly upon the table. "And it's quite a month since he sent me the last one. Upon my word I don't know what my confounded cousin imagines to be his duty in regard to myself. Rank neglect, I call it."

Walter Bradfield was a fair specimen of what is called the man about town. He was somewhere between thirty and thirty-five, not over healthy looking, and his face showed a cunning shrewdness rather than any aspirations to the intellectual.

Some time ago his grandfather had died, and, knowing Walter pretty well, had elected—rightly—to leave his fortune to his other grandson, John Bradfield, who had always been steady going and who was now leading the life of a bachelor squire.

There had been no clause in the will making it compulsory for John to help his cousin, but he had nevertheless good naturedly done so from time to time. The old fellow's will had decreed that in the event of John's death without children the money should pass to Walter, which fact kept the man about town in that state of unhappiness which results from a perpetual experience of hope deferred.

"If the swine would only die off," said Walter addressing the cheque, "what a jolly nice time I could have. He doesn't know how to spend his money. He lives on interest instead of capital. If I were in his shoes I should soon make things hum. If I were in his shoes!"

The wish in this case quickly became father to the thought and the thought to the plan arranged.

Before surrendering himself to a life of dissipation, Walter Bradfield had proved himself clever above the average, in mathematics particularly, and he now took the envelope in which his cousin's cheque was sent, and with the aid of a pencil sketched out upon it various devices and notes till at length he saw in his mind's eye the whole campaign which I am about to narrate.

On the following morning he betook himself to a firm of theatrical outfitters and purchased from them a large boxful of glass imitations of precious stones.

Then he addressed a letter to the editor of a halfpenny newspaper, requesting that a representative should be sent to his flat next day, as he had some interesting information to impart.

Walter, being a man of the world, had early learnt that the editors of halfpenny papers are like the Athenians of old, for ever hankering after some new thing, and that they are more over the most gullible people on earth.

Events proved him right. Next morning he showed the jewels to the gaping reporter, informed him that he was starting a collection which he hoped would surpass any in the whole world, and requested publicity concerning the matter in order that owners of collections might communicate with him for the disposal of their gems.

The reporter, on hunt as usual for any element of sensation, asked Bradfield how he intended to protect his jewels.

"My dear chap," said Bradfield, "why should I trouble about devising any elaborate scheme for their protection? If a burglar really wanted to get hold of them he'd have them even if I put them in a safe-deposit. I have the profoundest belief in the honesty of the average man, and, besides, even if these jewels were stolen, they are of such exceptional size that they would be unmarketable. I intend keeping my collection simply locked up in the safe in my smoking room. When it gets too large it will be time enough to consider the advisability of housing it elsewhere."

That evening half a column appeared in the paper concerning the Bradfield collection of precious stones. Mr. Bradfield's name and address were, according to his wish, given in

full, and the remarks which he made to the reporter and which I have given above were printed verbatim.

People thought him a fool for blazoning abroad the value of his possessions and so tempting the unscrupulous to rob him of them, but at the thought of what the public were saying Bradfield only smiled.

The rugs in his smoking room were lifted, and a carpenter cut away the flooring just in front of where the safe stood. In its place he fixed a broad flat board so arranged that anyone who stepped on it would press down a spring and thus make an electric connection which rang a bell in Mr. Bradfield's bedroom.

The next thing Mr. Bradfield did was to despatch a telegram to his cousin John. This was it:

"Most grateful thanks for your handsome cheque. Please come into town to-morrow, as I have heard some news concerning a railway which is about to be constructed in your neighbourhood. A syndicate has been formed to purchase land, and they will, of course, keep the news of the railway dark so as not to raise the price. My information comes from a reliable source, and I should like to give it to you personally in gratitude for the many benefits I have received at your hands."

On the following afternoon John Bradfield presented himself at his cousin's flat.

The railway was, of course, another bit of fiction, but Walter's imagination was rather fertile, and he poured into the ears of the unsuspecting John most convincing facts both about the railway itself and concerning the manner in which the information had come to him.

John was extremely grateful, and, to show his appreciation, he readily consented to his cousin's suggestion that instead of returning to the shires that night he should stop in town till the following morning. Walter had a spare bedroom in his flat, and they could do a music hall.

Shortly after midnight John Bradfield was accordingly sound asleep in his cousin's flat. Walter had also retired to his room, but he had neither undressed nor got into bed. He sat there in the darkness, counting the minutes by the ticking of his watch and sometimes making it ring the time, for it was a repeater.

He had just put the watch to his ear and listened to the faint tinkle of the tiny bells within it, when there came to him through the darkness the muffled stutter of the electric bell which the carpenter had fitted up.

For this moment Bradfield had been waiting.

Placing a revolver in his coat pocket, he opened the door softly and passed along to his smoking-room.

Beneath the door he could see a faint glimmer of light. He turned the knob—most gently—and tried to press the door inwards, but he found, as he expected, that it had been screwed up on the inside.

Bradfield slipped his nail into a groove in one of the panels of the door and slid it aside.

The whole room was now open to his view, and he observed with satisfaction that a burglar was kneeling at the safe preparing to melt the door open by means of a spirit lamp and a blow pipe.

Walter raised his revolver till it pointed directly at the intruder; then he spoke.

"Now please don't make any noise," he said.

The burglar sprang to his feet and wheeled about, flashing his electric lamp in the direction of the door, where he saw the weapon pointing wickedly at him.

"Just set that lamp down on top of the safe, and turn your pockets inside out," said Bradfield. "If you don't I'll shoot you. You're housebreaking, you know, and if I shot you dead I should not get into trouble, because I'd say you attacked me. Hurry up," he added, as the burglar showed some reluctance to obey his requests. "Hurry up, or I'll fire now."

The housebreaker recognised that the game was up, and did as he was ordered.

He turned out his pockets to show that he had no concealed weapon, and then by Bradfield's instructions he came over to the door and removed the screws with which he had fixed it.

"That's better," said Bradfield, entering the room and seating himself, but still keeping the burglar covered with his revolver. "Now we'll get to business."

"Business be hanged!" said the burglar. "If you hadn't covered me so sudden like, I'd have outed you."

"Ah!" said Bradfield. "Then you're the very type of man I want. If you'd have outed me in order to escape, perhaps you'd be willing to out somebody else if I promise to let you go."

"Well," said the burglar, "I don't know. It's one thing to kill a man when your blood's up, but I am doubtful if I could do it when I'm calm and peaceful like, as now."

"Very well," said Bradfield, crossing to the window and throwing up the sash. "I'll blow this police whistle and you'll have five years' quod. It would be so simple and so easy for you to save yourself," he continued, as the burglar showed the utmost alarm at his action. "All you have to do is to take that jemmy and crack a certain head just like this," and he brought the jemmy smartly down upon the back of an armchair. "Besides I'll make you a present of a £20 note."

"Right, guv'nor," said the burglar. "I've never killed anybody, but I'll do it to avoid gaol. Where does your man live?"

"He's here now," replied Bradfield. "Second door to the left as you go along the passage. Take your jemmy and go in front. No tricks now or I'll shoot you dead."

* * * * * * *

It was a year later.

Bradfield had entered into his cousin's inheritance, and had already dissipated most of it.

In the middle of a certain night he woke up to find a muscular hand about his neck, choking the life out of him.

The moon was shining in at the window, and Bradfield recognised his assailant as the man he had compelled to do murder for him.

"Yes, guv'nor," said the burglar, "I see you know me, and this time I've come to do a little job for you without being made to."

Bradfield tried to speak, but it was impossible.

"Before I fell into your hands I was only half a wrong 'un," the burglar went on, "but after I had a man's death on my conscience I stuck at nothing. I went from bad to worse, and that is not the only job of the kind I've done since."

The man on the bed struggled to free himself, but he was as a child in the other's grasp.

"Waking or sleeping I've always had before me the honest kindly face of that poor chap you'd a grudge against," his assailant went on. "It spoiled my happiness, and I'm going to finish yours."

Bradfield felt the cold, round muzzle of a revolver pressing against the skin behind his ear, there was a gurgling cry for mercy, a loud report, and the death of John Bradfield had been avenged.

The Whole Art of Boxing

FOREWORD BY THE EDITOR

[It is now many years since I learned how to box, but I still remember how awkward I felt when I took my first lesson from an old ring man. It is a recollection of that rather uncomfortable time which has induced me to commission Mr. Gowing, one of the most successful teachers in the North of England, to expound plainly the whole of the noble art for the benefit of my readers.

Boxing is condemned by many as a brutal amusement. For my own part I can only say that it is one of my favourite recreations, and I honestly believe that, far from brutalising a man, the knowledge and practice of boxing teaches him to keep his temper. Besides, it is very, very useful if you get into trouble.

In the following article you are told all that is taught to pupils paying five guineas for a course of lessons. If you practise with a friend the hits here expounded, you can become very proficient without a teacher.—YOUR EDITOR.]

To become a good boxer, as to excel in any other sport, you must have constant practice.

The hints I am giving here are intended to assist the man who already knows something about the art, and to prevent the beginner from feeling green when he first puts on the gloves. A man who at his first lesson does not even know how to stand or place his hands, looks and feels a fool.

SCOPE FOR ORIGINALITY.

Tommy Burns has recently attacked the British method of boxing, asserting that we work upon a stereotyped style and do not give sufficient play to individual talent. In this assertion he is quite wrong.

For my own part—and I believe that every other good teacher of boxing works on the same principle—I have made it my custom to drill my pupils in the various hits and guards I am about to explain, but I have always encouraged any departure from the system where the innovation seemed to combine well with some personal or physical peculiarity of the pupil and to be an improvement.

This groundwork is to the boxer exactly what grammar is to the writer. He can knock it about afterwards, but he must know it to begin with.

The first thing in boxing is to know how to stand properly.

POSITION.

Your left foot should point always at your adversary, and your right should be a little behind it and slightly spread, so that on receipt of a blow you are less likely to lose your balance.

Your right forearm is to be held across the pit of your stomach with the thumb of the glove upwards, your left upper arm is to be kept close to your side with the forearm extended directly towards your antagonist. In this way the vulnerable parts of your body are protected by your arms.

The weight of the body should rest chiefly on the right foot, but you must never stand heavily but be ready at a moment's notice to step either backwards or forwards.

If you stand stiffly you are very likely to be knocked over if your opponent hits you, a thing that will happen also if you keep your feet too close together.

You must practise moving about lightly and quickly. Never drag the feet, but lift them nimbly.

KEEP MOVING.

Try to imagine that the floor is burning hot, and that you cannot stand on it with any comfort. You should keep moving about with light springy steps, ready to dart in or leap back as opportunity or necessity may demand.

Never on any account allow your right foot to get in front of your left.

In advancing, move your left foot forward and follow it quickly with your right; in stepping back, draw the right foot backwards and bring the left foot with it.

When delivering a blow never get off your balance; if you do, your opponent will hit you before you can recover yourself.

The following thirty hits comprise all that I teach my pupils; they are based on what has been found to be scientifically the best method of fighting, and several of them are my own invention, and to them I attribute much of my success.

As you read the description of each hit, put yourself in the position indicated and follow the instructions given.

If you have a friend willing to practise with you, your progress in learning the hits will be quicker, but it is quite possible to learn them alone.

It is my habit to divide my course into ten lessons, and at each I teach the pupil three hits. They tax the memory more than would be supposed, and I find that three are all that can be learnt profitably at one time. Take the hits by threes, and practise them morning and night along with your physical culture exercises.

THE HITS AND COUNTERS.

1. If your opponent leads off at your face with his left, throw up your right forearm, palm outwards, and deflect his blow. Then step in sharply and counter at his face with your left.

2. If he holds his left too low, knock it down with your right, and counter at his face with your left.

3. If he holds his left too high, push it off with your right, step in and counter at his face with your left.

4. Another way of dealing with him when he holds his left high is to step inside his left—that is, step slightly to your own left and deliver a body blow with your right. Catch him just on the waist line, and keep the back of your hand upwards.

In fighting with the naked fists you would get the middle joints of your fingers under his ribs; to hit him with the knuckles would in this case be much less effective.

5. If he does not hold his left high enough to enable you to get on this blow, work about till you are close to him, and then suddenly lift up his left with your left forearm and deliver a right-hand body blow.

FOR A LEFT LEAD.

6. If he leads off with his left, step towards him and at the same time slightly to your own left so that, instead of hitting your face, his glove brushes over your right shoulder. Then deliver a right-hand body blow.

7. This is an elaboration of the above hit. Duck as before, but this time deliver the right hand on his body and the left on the right side of his face.

In naked fist fighting, this face blow must be struck with the back knuckles, and it is just as well to practise it so even with the gloves on.

8. This is a trick hit, extremely useful in competitions and actual fights, but it should never be brought off in a friendly spar, as you are apt to hit harder than you mean to, and the place where this blow is delivered is a tender one.

Manœuvre till your left glove is just inside his left; then bring your left forearm above his and turn it quickly towards his own right.

You thus turn his body round and have an opportunity of delivering the deadly kidney hit, catching him on the waist line between the spine and his left hip bone with your right hand.

9. Turn his left inwards as described above, but this time bring your right up on the back of his left ear. The blow must be delivered with the arm contracted, and the point of contact should be the back knuckles.

10. If he leads off with his left, guard it with your right as described in the first hit, but this time deliver a body blow with your left hand, stepping in smartly at the same time.

11. When he leads off with the left, guard it with your left forearm and bring off a body blow with your right hand.

12. Guard his left lead as in the above hit, but this time parry his left away from you so that you turn round his body and get on the right-hand kidney hit. This hit is not to be confused with No. 8. Here your forearm is underneath his; in the other yours was above.

13. Guard his left lead with your left forearm, then quickly twirl your arm round towards his right, so that you bring his glove down to the pit of your stomach. His left is now helpless and, as it comes in the way of his right, that also is useless, and you may safely bring off a right-hand body blow.

NO HOLDING.

This blow must not be confused with holding, which is, of course, foul; here you do not hold at all, but merely so turn his arm that he is placed for the moment in a defenceless position.

To bring off the hit successfully you must see that your left forearm is absolutely horizontal, with the palm turned well in front, when you guard his hit. Keep your arm contracted while you twirl his left, and do it very quickly to prevent his escaping.

14. This is exactly the same as the above, only you counter with your right on his left jaw.

15. When he leads with his left, step smartly forward and slightly to your own right so that his left passes over your left shoulder. Then deliver your left on his waist line.

This is what is called ducking, and requires a deal of practice to bring to perfection.

I have known pupils bob down in attempting to duck, and I have known others close their eyes while doing so; both of which things are foolish. There is no need to move further than takes you just clear of his glove.

SOME EFFECTIVE DUCKS.

16. Duck as above, but this time deliver your left on his mouth.

17. Duck as above and deliver your left on his stomach and your right on the side of his waist. This is a double body blow, and a very telling one in actual combat.

18. Duck as above, this time delivering your left on his stomach and your right on his jaw.

19. Duck as above, but deliver your left on his mouth and your right on his left jaw; this is a double face hit, and a telling one.

20. If he leads off with his right, guard it with your left forearm, turn his arm to your left, step in and deliver a right-hand body blow.

21. Guard as above, this time countering on his mouth with your right.

22. When he leads off with his right, duck to your left, allowing his right hand to slip across your right shoulder and just past your ear. As you step to the side and forward, deliver a right-hand body blow.

HOOK HITS.

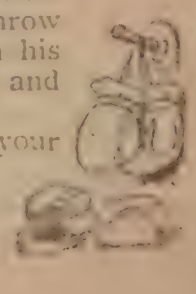
23. Duck as above, but this time deliver your right on his face.

24. If he makes what is called a hook hit with his left—that is, if he attempts to swing his left hand round so as to strike the right side of your body—step in and turn off his hit with your right forearm, elbow upwards, hand downwards, and palm outwards. Then deliver your left on his right jaw.

25. If he makes a right hand hook hit at your body, guard it with your left forearm as described above and counter him with your right on his left jaw

26. If he leads straight at your stomach with his left, spring back about six inches, throw your left arm across his left and thus turn his body round to his own right; step in smartly and deliver a right-hand kidney hit.

In working off this hit you must keep your



left arm contracted, the elbow being up, the hand down and the palm turned to the left. Compare this hit with No. 8.

27. Turn his left as above but this time counter him with your right on the back of his left ear.

28. If he swings his left round at your head do not guard it, but step back smartly with the right foot, allowing his glove to pass. The impetus of his intended blow will swing him round, and before he recovers his guard you must step in and deliver a right-hand body blow.

29. If he swings his right at your head step back and deliver the same hit as above.

In the one case he swings to his right, in the other to his left, but in both cases the best counter is a right-hand body blow.

THE DANGEROUS CHOP HIT.

30. If he makes what is called a chop hit—that is, brings his hand either left or right down from above towards your head—do not attempt to guard it or you are likely to get a bruised arm. Spring back smartly far enough to take you clear of his blow and then, while his head is bent down with the force of it, step in as smartly and deliver an upper-cut on his face.

The chop hit is a favourite one with street fighters, but the punishment delivered by the counter I have described is a terrific one and generally ends the combat.

If you are practising this hit with a friend, get him to put his glove where his face would be if he had actually made this terrific hit at you, and you can then upper-cut at it. To upper-cut at your friend's face would be rough on him, as the blow, even in practice, is apt to be hard.

Don't keep the hands clenched, as this involves an unnecessary strain on the muscles. Have them slightly open while manœuvring about for an opening, but clench them tightly when bringing off a hit or when guarding a blow, the compressed muscle offering a better resistance than when relaxed.

KEEP YOUR INTENTIONS DARK.

Always keep your hands moving, and your feet too; your opponent does not know then what you are going to do, and you can spring your bag of tricks upon him without his being prepared for it.

When you have brought off a blow, work round to your right, which takes you away from his deadly right hand, for remember that it is generally the right hand that gives the knock-out blow.

If the man you are fighting with is much heavier than you, work on the defensive, allowing him to attempt the hits and contenting yourself with merely guarding and occasionally countering. In this way he will become exhausted and your chances will be more equal.

Never let a heavy man get close to you, for his blows are very punishing; keep him out with a straight left and keep moving, for what he possesses in weight you must make up for by agility.

THE HARD CLOSED MOUTH.

Keep your mouth firmly closed, for a blow on a slack jaw is dangerous. If you wear false teeth take them out. Once I hit a pupil a slight tap on the mouth, and to my horror he spat out quite a dozen teeth and portions of what appeared to be gum; since then I have always asked a pupil whether his teeth are false before I begin.

No more such accidents for me!

In practising, begin with someone who is willing to go slow, and to give you an opportunity of bringing off the various blows till you are expert in each of them. Then practise with as many different men as you can, for this is the only way you can fit yourself to tackle any opponent.

If you have no one with whom to practise, stuff a large sack with chaff or paper, hang it from the roof, and bring off the hits on it.

Punching balls are very useful for teaching you quickness, but you can't practise body blows properly with them. The suspended sack resembles the body of an antagonist more closely, and it is consequently better; but the living opponent is better than any sort of mechanical one.

G. Gowing.

MY NOTEBOOK.

CHRISTMAS. My thoughts turn at this Christmastide to those who are spending the festival in solitude. I know men in London who live in lodgings and are almost without friends; the fact that they are hard up explains it.

You know somebody like that. What are you going to do for him?

Why not have him as a guest at your family feast?

You know somebody else who is not only friendless but suffering from actual want.

What are you going to do for him?

Do something, however little. There's a good chap! You won't miss it. In fact your Christmas will be all the merrier for the thought that you have brightened his.

To all my readers, rich and poor, permit me to offer the warmest compliments of the season.

CAROLLING NUISANCES. For several weeks they have been practising in back gardens—nobody blames their parents for preventing them from doing so in the house—and now they regard their training as complete and are invading our doorsteps in their dozens.

If they knew how to harmonise their voices we might ask them to sing again, and if we did we should send them away well rewarded, but they do not know; if they came occasionally we might even tolerate them as they are, but they come in relays, and if we give them once they will present themselves nightly, sometimes twice a night, leaving one of their number behind so as to appear a fresh party.

They have all the wiliness of skilled beggars in these matters. Beggars they are in fact, for they appeal wholly to your charity and not to your musical sense.

The ordinary mendicant is actually less obnoxious than they, for he does not disturb the peace of the whole household and can be dealt with by the servant.

In all the suburbs the carol nuisance is more marked this year than ever previously. It is useless to ignore them; they will pull your bell out by the roots and hammer your knocker, but they will have an answer. A powerful gramophone may be set going in the hall, but it only stimulates them to rivalry, and they will bellow through the letter-box flap.

The pity of it is that so many give money to these children, thus showing them how to extort coppers without working, and giving them an encouraging lesson in the art of becoming casuals.

BICYCLE PLATING. Has it ever struck you, my reader, that the bright electro plating on a bicycle is not only unnecessary but a positive nuisance?

For a week or two after you have bought a bicycle the plating is a source of pride. After that it becomes dull, and remains so for a month or two. Then little spots of rust appear on it, and finally the iron shows darkly through in places. It was not so bad in the old days before free wheels and rim brakes were introduced, but now, at least in a country that is in any way hilly, it is impossible to prevent the plating from being torn off the rims.

I have sometimes harboured the unkind thought that the whole thing was a vile scheme on the part of manufacturers, that they provided hard brake pads in order to tear off the plating, and so make your machine look untidy at the commencement of the next season and tempt you to buy a new one. Certain it is that the plating now is not nearly so good as it used to be, and with prices cut to such an extent we can hardly expect it.

It matters little what labour and attention you expend upon your iron steed; under present conditions the plating seems to come off the cycle of the careful rider just as quickly as it does in the case of the machine belonging to his happy-go-lucky brother.

WHY NOT ENAMEL? What I should like to see introduced would be the fashion of having all those parts of a bicycle that are now plated enamelled instead. The task of keeping enamel clean is light, as you know from your present bicycle frame. It cannot rust, and the only danger is that it may be scraped off. With rim brakes as at present constructed this would certainly happen, but I hope to see the day when instead of hard rubber pads we shall have pads of some soft material which will not harm the rim, and which may be renewed inexpensively as they wear out.

At first thought an enamelled bicycle does not strike one as very attractive, but it is merely a matter of prejudice. The only enamelled handlebars I can recollect are those which have belonged to workmen's machines and the painting of which has been home done. If the enamel were properly and smoothly burnt on I feel certain that the effect would be attractive, and there would, of course, be no need to restrict the colours to black; grey or dark green would look very well. Anyhow, the labour of keeping your bicycle clean, and the pangs of conscience which smite you when you allow it to rust, would be done away with for ever.

MEMORY JOGGERS. I never pass a fried-fish shop without having vividly recalled to my mind a certain street in the town where I passed my early youth. This street was remarkable for many more important things than fried fish, but it was there that my nose first became acquainted with the unsavoury aroma of this delicacy, and I suppose that is why the mental photograph returns.

I have noticed the same thing with tobaccos. A perfumed cigarette—one does not often come across them now—will recall to me a beautiful garden where I passed a lazy month one summer, and where I first smelt the scented odiousness of the perfumed fag.

My sense of smell is always acute, sometimes in a pleasurable way but more often the reverse. I appreciate a fine spring morning chiefly I believe through my nostrils; it is the smell of the bursting buds rather than the mellowness of the air that gives me satisfaction.

There are other things beside bursting buds and flowers in this life, however, and they do not all smell so sweetly. The stench of the rotting wood pavement in London, for example, makes one envious of the man who has a duller sense of smell.

THE POWER OF MUSIC. Next to my nose I should think my ears most readily bring back the past. A long forgotten music-hall melody recalls to me a distinct impression. The other day I heard a very fine orchestra play a number of now half-forgotten airs, and, while I sat listening, there passed before me visions of the pleasures and the sorrows of the days that are gone. In some cases these tunes, trumpery as they were, exercised the most depressing effect upon me, for they brought to mind recollections of hardship and discomfort, for in the course of my life, dear reader, I have had some of the thin as well as the thick.

My experience while listening to this orchestra gave me an idea, and I forthwith made out a list of all the songs and tunes which held for me pleasant memories, and I requested a music publisher to get them for me. Some of the ditties were out of print, and only second-hand copies could be secured, but my collection is now complete.

In the evenings I occasionally play these old tunes or have them played for me, and live again some of the happiest experiences of the past.

I mention this because I think the scheme might well be adopted by those of my readers who are musical. There is pleasure in recalling past delights as well as in living through present ones.

Your Editor.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

LORD CHILWORTH: CRIMINAL.

REMARKABLE SERIES OF COMPLETE STORIES.

By J. PRESTWICK SHEED.

VIII. THE EPISODE OF THE FINANCIER.

If there was one man more than another whom I considered worthy of Chilworth's steel, that man was Gifford Bromage, financier, publisher, shop-keeper, share dealer, and other things.

It was a notorious fact in London that you could scarcely find any man who had dealt with him without losing money; he floated companies for the manufacture of crockery from road-scrapings, and the investing public sent him their cheques in sackfuls. His companies always burst up in time, but he came out with a few thousands from each transaction.

I suggested him once as a suitable subject, but Chilworth held other views. I had a suspicion that perhaps he was afraid, for Gifford Bromage was uncommonly smart, and had the devil's own luck. Chilworth did not give this as his reason.

"Bromage is, I believe, a rogue," he said, "but he is what you might call a scoundrel of the straightforward type. To anybody but a fool, the fraudulent nature of his companies and his bucket-shop must be obvious. The public have been warned often enough and ought to know better. Besides, those he robs are chiefly of the monied class who can afford to lose."

He altered his mind, however, about a week later.

"Wallace," he said to me one morning, "I'm afraid it will be necessary to deal with your old friend Bromage after all. It appears that he is not content with succeeding in business, but has made up his mind to shine in society as well.

"With his usual cleverness he has hit on the surest and quickest way, namely, by specialising in an uncommon kind of sport. He has taken up ballooning, and his wealth enables him to build bigger and better balloons than anybody else. His latest is larger than anything previously dreamt of, and it is announced that Royalty itself is to make an ascent with him on Saturday."

I suggested that if Royalty cared to risk its neck that was surely its own concern.

"There won't be any risk," he replied. "The balloon is so big and can carry so much ballast that they can keep it at any height they like. My grievance is that the class to which I belong should be thrown open to such men. Our aristocracy is notoriously foolish, but so far we have not had the reputation of being sharpers. I don't mind Royalty going yachting with a successful grocer, or shooting with a fortunate newspaper proprietor, but Bromage is a man of another kidney. We must stop his social aspirations and bleed him a little by-way of a lesson."

This resolution having been come to, we immediately began our preparations, for Saturday was the day after next, and we had none too much time. We worked on the system which we have found best, and requested the editor of a certain newspaper to send us his stock of cuttings dealing with the history of the financier.

Amongst them we got something better than we expected, an article which some old acquaintance of Bromage's had written about him, and which gave many remarkable facts concerning his past. It was obviously libellous, and for that reason, as well as because Bromage was an extensive advertiser, the editor had refrained from printing it, although he had considered it wise to purchase the article in case Bromage should some day be laid by the heels, when there would be an end for all further need of courting his favour.

In this article we learned amongst other things that the financier's real name was Gustav Bromstein, and that he was the son of German Jews. On reaching manhood he changed his name to Gifford Bromage and rapidly built up a fortune.

"I'm trying to think where I have heard the name of Bromstein before," said Chilworth, when he had digested the article. "It is not a very common name."

I was almost wholly ignorant of London life at that time, and I could not offer any suggestion.

"I've got it!" cried Chilworth at last. "About a week ago I went down to the soup kitchen we have just established in Whitechapel. I wanted to see that everything was in proper working order. While I was there a Jewish woman came in and asked my manageress if there was any chance of getting a job as a cook. We were fully staffed just then, but I might have been induced to take her on if she had been more prepossessing. You know that most of the patrons of the kitchen are children, and I felt that this Mrs. Bromstein, as she called herself, would terrify half of them away. We must see whether the manageress kept her address; possibly she may be related to our prospective victim."

We called at a fashionable photographer's in Bond Street in the hope of being able to purchase a portrait of Bromage, but were unsuccessful. He recommended us to try another place in Regent Street, however, and there for eighteen-pence we possessed ourselves of a very excellent photograph of the financier. Fortune was with us that morning, for the manageress of the soup kitchen had made a note of the applicant's address and immediately furnished us with it.

The house was in an alley off the Mile End Road, and we found Mrs. Bromstein busy over a tub in which was the soiled linen of some of her friends. She wiped the soapsuds off her arms and twisted a very hideous face into the semblance of a smile.

"I'm bleased to see you, zir," she said, addressing herself to Chilworth. "Hope you've come to dell me I'm to have that job at the kitchen."

"That will depend on circumstances," said his lordship. "The immediate purpose of our visit is to ask you whether you know anything of the gentleman depicted on this card."

"My vord!" she exclaimed. "My goot vord! It is Gustav, the man who deserted me before we had been married a twelvemont'. Dell me vere to find him."

"We cannot do that just yet," Chilworth replied.

The woman seized a broom which rested against the table.

"Himmel!" she cried. "You would geep me from my husband! Dake me to him or I will knock your prains out!"

She calmed down a little, however, when Chilworth took some money from his pocket and counted five sovereigns into her hand.

"There," he said, "is something to be going on with. I will make no promises as to restoring your husband, but I can promise that your poverty is at an end. Be ready to come with me at two o'clock on Saturday. I shall bring a car to fetch you, and, if you behave yourself, you shall have a settled income for life."

She swore at us a little in German and Yiddish, but finally agreed to this proposal, and so we left her.

On Saturday morning a good many motorists and cyclists made their way to Hurlingham to watch the ascent and the gay throng of fashionable loiterers. Even as we sped eastwards for Mrs. Bromstein we were reminded by the posters of "To-day's Great Ascent."

On reaching Hurlingham we immediately led Mrs. Bromstein to the club-house, and into a private room which we had arranged should be reserved for us.

The scene outside was a diverting one. The great balloon was already filled and was straining at the sacks of ballast to which it was fixed. Beside it stood a detachment of the Royal Engineers, whose duty it would presently be to unhitch the sand bags and hold the ropes.

A band was playing selections from a musical comedy, and well-dressed men and women were strolling about the lawns, laughing and chatting.

Mr. Gifford Bromage was standing beside the basket, which was hung with national flags.

Presently he started as the band struck up the National Anthem, and a moment later we saw a carriage drawn by grey horses swing in at the gate. The carriage stopped on the walk, and the Royal personage stepped across the lawn towards us, smiling genially as he came. Chilworth did nothing till the Royal person had shaken Mr. Bromage by the hand and had been conducted by him into the flag-covered basket. Then my friend and employer stepped up to the financier.

"Mr. Gustav Bromstein, late of Whitechapel," said Chilworth, "favour me by coming for a moment into the club-house."

No one but Bromage and myself heard this speech, but the Royal person saw his host turn white, and he expressed the hope that nothing had gone wrong.

"I have left some important scientific instruments in the club," said Bromage. "If you will excuse me I shall get them at once."

The three of us entered the house together, and Chilworth opened the door of the private room. The woman sprang forward when she saw who our visitor was, and, fearful lest she should do him an injury, I thought it wise to take her arm and hold her. I might as well have attempted to restrain a tigress. She wrenched herself from me and made for him, but he was quick and slipped from the room.

"Mrs. Bromstein," said Chilworth, "we are going to leave you for a little once again. If you make the slightest disturbance you will hear nothing further of us, and you will not be a whit better off than when I unearthed you."

With that he opened the door and pulled me out after him. Bromage was waiting with a white face in the passage.

"Does she know my present name and position?" he asked.

"She does not," said Chilworth, "but she will unless you agree to my terms."

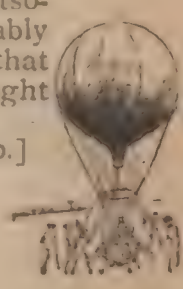
"I'd agree to anything reasonable," was the reply. "The year I spent with that woman was a nightmare. I would as soon leave the country and sacrifice all my interests as live with her again."

"Then listen to me," said Chilworth. "You must forthwith ruin your social hopes by insulting the Royal personage. Simply go up to him, wish him good-day, and walk off. If you refuse I shall let her loose and tell her where to find you. Then you will send me on each quarter day the sum of £250, half of which will be given to support your wife comfortably, and the other half to the Jewish hospital. Fail in any of the payments and I shall inform her that Bromstein is now Bromage, and shall tell her your address."

The financier agreed to these demands, and in the excess of his gratitude for his escape even promised to double the donation—for the hospital.

Into the scene when he made his extraordinary adieux to the Royal personage, and into the conjectures that were hazarded as to his reasons, I need not enter. It is enough that he has faithfully carried out his part of the contract. He has now no social ambition whatsoever, and his virago of a wife lives comfortably in a Brixton villa, her only regret being that she cannot find her Gustav so that she might tear his eyes out.

[*Another story of this series will appear next week*—ED.]



Business is Business

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

There are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money.—JOHNSON.

SYSTEM.

The following hints in regard to the saving of time and energy in the office I give in a general way, trusting that my readers will adapt them to suit the particular needs of their professions.

There are three ways of dealing with office routine:

(1) To place yourself in the hands of an up-to-date firm of office furnishers, who will supply you with everything of a time-saving character, from the latest files for unpaid bills to an office door that will open of its own accord as soon as you press your foot on the mat outside it.

(2) To devise and develop a simple system for yourself.

(3) To muddle along anyhow.

The first is the best method of all, but it is useless for me to give details of it here, as those who can afford to buy the latest time-saving contrivances will obtain full particulars from the firms supplying them, and my description could serve no useful purpose. The one obstacle in the way of general adoption of this scientific plan is its expense.

The third method is so obviously out-of-date as to carry its own condemnation.

With the second I hope to be able to assist you.

The first thing necessary for the man in the office is a desk or table. An American roll-top desk has its advantages, but my own experience goes to prove that its pigeon holes usually contain an accumulation of old papers, broken penholders and things which it serves no useful purpose in having about one.

A good mahogany table costs less, and appears to me more serviceable in use. It gives you more space for dealing with large papers or maps, and it can be cleared and kept tidy much more readily than a desk.

If you wish it, you can have at either side of your table a pile of those small wood and pasteboard drawers which are sold for filing purposes. Let each drawer be labelled so that you may know at once what it contains without having to think.

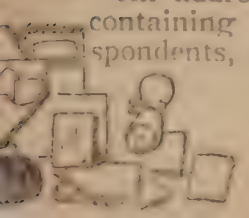
The conservation of your thinking powers is, I take it, essential for business success. It profits you nothing to spend five minutes, or even five seconds, wondering where you have put a certain thing. This is exactly the reason why an office system should be made as automatic as possible. By doing things habitually and automatically you get through them with a minimum expenditure of energy, leaving a reserve for those matters which require your fullest attention.

Certain letters and papers connected with any business must be kept, but I have never yet known an office where there was not an accumulation of useless documents.

In my own office I have made it a rule that at the end of every week all papers shall be gone through, and that those whose usefulness is past shall be destroyed.

By this plan it is always possible to find what you are looking for in the shortest space of time; there is no wading through waste matter.

An address book, alphabetically indexed and containing the addresses of all your correspondents, should be within reach; and I recommend also the use of an engagement calendar on which you can jot down against each day any appointments you may have made.



The furnishing of a business man's office will depend largely upon his individual taste. There are still some men who load up their private desks with all kinds of papers and memoranda, but it is now the general custom for the heads of large concerns to spend their working hours in a room that more resembles a comfortable smoking-room than an office.

That they do not neglect system, however, is readily proved. You have to refer to a letter, an electric bell is rung, a secretary is given particulars of the document required and it is promptly brought in from an outer office.

The desk of the chief himself carries nothing but pen, ink and blotting paper. By the end of the day it may be covered with papers, but next morning they are all cleared away and his table, like the deck of a man-o'-war, is cleared for action.

I take it there are two kinds of business thought. One is of the constructive-imaginative type, the other is the merely systematic.

If you have a scheme to think out or develop, you will find it easier to come to a satisfactory result if your thoughts are not obstructed by having nests of files, copying presses and other evidences of office routine about you.

Imagination plays a highly important part in the battle for commercial success, and it is unwise for a man whose work is of the thinking type to hamper himself by tying down his mind with the evidences of mere office routine.

In regard to the work of an office, it should partake of the same system as the fittings I have just described.

It should be so arranged as to become largely automatic. Certain duties should be prescribed for certain hours, and the work of each man definitely fixed. Then you eliminate all unnecessary hustle, and also the natural tendency of one man to put his work on to another's shoulders.

I am no believer in hustle.

It is an American importation which has never done any good in this country. The American pins up texts on his wall bearing such mottoes as "Do it now," and then he crosses his legs, lights his cigar and gazes placidly at the motto, thinking what an excellent maxim it is. The Briton just does the thing that has to be done, without talking to himself about it.

WATCH THE CLOCK.

I read in an old-fashioned success book the other day the following statement:

"Those who are anxious to leave work as soon as the clock begins to strike are never any good at their jobs."

Nothing could be farther from the truth, as every employer who is worth his salt knows full well. If the closing hour is six, the man who works after that time is probably more incompetent than enthusiastic. Punctuality is, I admit, an essential for business success, and we may rely upon the employer to see that his men do not leave before the clock strikes; but if they stop later it is generally because they have not been working hard enough during the day to complete their task in the allotted time. The able worker puts in his number of hours, giving his whole attention to his work during them, but as soon as the clock strikes he is just as ready to stop as he was to start in the morning.

Many employers have the reprehensible practice of dictating their correspondence between half-past-five and six, so that their unfortunate secretaries have to remain long after the others to get it finished. Such an employer is, like procrastination, a thief of time. He is taking more from his men than he is paying them for, and they ought to look for better jobs.

SWELLS IN BUSINESS.

WHY SOME FIRMS ARE IN DECLINE.

There is no reason why a commercial undertaking should not prosper even after the death or the incapacity of its founder, provided it is allowed to develop and continue on normal lines.

A successful man surrounds himself with ambitious assistants who are anxious to rise to his own position if possible.

When the time comes for him to retire from active work, he remains the figurehead of the business and reaps most of the profit, but the active control is in the hands of those who have fought and won, and whose talents are proved.

The men who have helped him to build up the business are the most capable for its successful continuance. Knowing this, he gives full play to their ambitions, and allows each to progress according to his abilities.

The less wise business man, instead of encouraging brilliant outsiders, gives all the positions of importance to his own relatives and friends.

The consequence is inevitable disaster.

Thirty years ago a gentleman with whom I am intimately acquainted, started in London a business of a novel but highly successful kind. He was the eldest of a family of four sons and, as his brothers grew up, he sent each of them to a university and then gave them important positions in his office.

Within five years he sacked two of his brothers but kept one. This one had exceptional gifts of organisation, but the other two were simply brakes on the progress of the concern. The founder therefore acted wisely in investing a sum large enough to keep them in comfort for the rest of their lives and requesting them to do what they liked for the future, but not to come again into his business.

Let us consider the downfall of two large companies in London, neither of which are paying dividends to their shareholders.

In the case of one there is no direct descendant of the original founder now in power, but every important post is held by a man who has a traditional claim upon it. His father was one of the original junior partners, or his uncle got him in by interest. Not one of them rose in the ordinary way after fighting a fair fight.

In the other company the founder has handed over the control of the business to his son, who, it is to be regretted, does not possess his father's business capacity.

It is a natural thing for a man to encourage his sons or nephews to follow in his own footsteps. In fact they expect that he should, if he has been successful, give them remunerative posts, but the policy is suicidal to his own interests and highly reprehensible where those of shareholders are at stake.

By the law of alternation we scarcely ever find a clever man have a clever son. The spendthrift succeeds the miser, the dullard succeeds the genius.

Each man expects that his case is the one exception that will disprove the rule, but he is invariably disappointed.

The pity of it is that in most cases where this game is being played in limited companies, the ordinary shareholders are powerless to alter matters, as there is a clause in the original prospectus giving the control of the staff to the founder during his lifetime.

Where such a clause does not exist, however, the shareholders should kick strenuously till all these useless satellites are banished.

It is a heart-breaking thing to be an employee in a business where nepotism is rampant. You have done your best and have qualified for a managerial position, when—lo and behold!—a rank outsider related to the head of the house is thrust above you.

You know that he would not have got the position without influence, and, naturally and rightly, you are sore about it.

It is small consolation in such a case to reflect that the doom of that business is a human certainty.

B. ELLIOTT

"Sports."

THE INNER SOULS OF SOME YOUNG MEN.

They are not sportsmen, just "sports," though the two terms are confounded by most.

One is a racing man. Not being the possessor of a Nonconformist conscience, he will tell you stories that are more lewd than humorous. He will drink a good deal more than is beneficial to his health. He will make perpetual allusion to races and racehorses.

History to him is punctuated and memorised by racing events. The year in which a great battleship went down with all hands he recalls because that same year he made 10s. when So-and-so won the Derby.

Of games he knows nothing, nor can he even ride a horse, although from his conversation you gather that horseflesh is the most precious thing on earth.

Even in the matter of drinking he is not a sportsman. Of him it may be said, he also drinks who never stands but waits.

Our next "sport" is a more magnificent type of the first. Public bars know him not. He is a clubman, and his circle of friends is limited to men of the same type as himself.

AN OWNER.

The adulation of the outside public, which is the breath of his nostrils, he takes as a thing granted, for though it may not exist, he bribes the sporting editors of the newspapers to keep his name prominent in their particular columns, and, his name duly appearing, he assumes that the public regard him as a grand sportsman, and in this he is content.

He is an owner of racehorses. He hires experts and vets. to buy them for him; he hires men to train them; he hires others to ride them.

He could not cure a horse of a cold, nor could he jump one over a heap of straw, far less a hurdle, but his deficiencies in this respect are never brought home to him. Who would dream of expecting such things in a man who owns a string of racers?

No sportsman this, but a "sport" undoubtedly.

Our next "sport" is an ardent reader of sporting intelligence. He knows the names of the constituent parts of every leading football team, and he can tell you how much the various players cost their clubs in transfer money. He has at his finger ends the records for the season of every club of note.

He cannot play football, but what matters that?

SPORTSMAN BY PROXY.

It is the same in the cricketing season. He follows with keen enthusiasm the doings of every eleven. He cannot play cricket, but again, what matter?

The boldest thing he has ever done was to get wet while watching a match, but this cannot, perhaps, be laid wholly to his credit, for his wetting was involuntary; the weather changed suddenly and the rain came down.

Yet a man who knows so much about games must be a "sport."

Another plentiful type of "sport" is he who is constantly breaking the third commandment and frequently asserting that he is an habitual breaker of the seventh, but whether his assertions are well founded or not there is no means of finding out.

Usually they are not.

His friends will call him a "sport"; some will call him a "spark"; some will call him a "blade."

An unbiassed consideration of his case, however, makes it impossible to bestow upon him the coveted title of sportsman.

The maker of wagers is another of these bastards.

You make a simple assertion, not even a prophecy, perhaps merely a statement in regard to the weather of last week. Immediately he contradicts you, and, by way of proof that he is right, offers to bet even money, the arbitrator being the weather reports in a file of last week's newspapers. Should you be foolish enough to accept the bet, and should you be unfortunate enough to lose, he will, of course, insist on payment; should he lose, however, it it quite likely that he misunderstood the bet, that he was backing you as being right and not wrong, that you are in fact owing him money.

That is but an instance. He will make a wager on anything you like. He is therefore a "sport."

Another "sport" is the crank of a certain type. He approaches the sportsman more closely than do the others so far enumerated, because he certainly endures hardship, and he certainly must be the possessor of some grit, but we cannot give him the full title because he misses all the fun which falls to the lot of the real sportsman.

COURTING USELESS HARDSHIPS.

This "sport" prides himself on marching to a distant river each morning and dipping the vile envelope of his soul in the chilly waters.

He scorns the use of an umbrella on the wettest day even if he be wearing a hat.

Probably he wears no such thing as winter underclothing. He preaches the gospel of physical discomfort.

The young drunkard is generally called a "sport." Commencing with port wine, he gradually trains himself to the consumption of stronger liquors, till at last he becomes so intoxicated that his innate timidness takes wind and he finds himself possessed of a recklessness which, for his purpose, bears a sufficiently striking resemblance to courage; and so, perhaps, he turns out a street lamp, to the infinite admiration of his companions.

Encouraged by their applause he may even knock off a policeman's helmet.

Should he be run in for this and fined in the morning, he will be called for ever after a "sport," but it is difficult to see how he could be called a sportsman.

A. RUNCIMAN.

WITH THE SHIPS THEY LOVE.

In almost every account of a wreck we read that the captain went down with his ship. It sounds very heroic—perhaps a little foolish, for in many cases this sacrifice is apparently made without the slightest occasion.

You learn that there was room enough for the captain in one of the boats, but that he refused to leave the bridge even though every other person had safely quitted the sinking vessel, and possibly you think that the fear of facing the Board of Trade inquiry may have had something to do with it.

Did it ever strike you that not infrequently the captain is playing a little game, that he is merely pretending to be drowned?

The Board of Trade is drastic in its inquiries; it must have a scapegoat on whom to lay the blame of the disaster, and usually the captain is the victim. In nine out of ten of these inquiries the skipper's ticket is cancelled or suspended, and in either case he finds it next to impossible to get fresh employment on the sea.

Knowing this, he is scarcely to be blamed for waiting till the others have left the ship and then seizing a lifebelt and jumping clear on the other side, to be picked up by a passing steamer.

He will give the name of the mate, or pretend to be a passenger, as the circumstances may dictate; that he is the captain is unsuspected by his rescuers.

On reaching land he either sets up in business under another name with his own savings, or boldly applies to the owner for assistance. In most cases the owner will help him to start a business, for the inquiry is as great a nuisance to him as it is to the captain himself.

FOIL PLAY.

NOTES ON A NEGLECTED SPORT.

Though keenly practised in the Army and Navy, in some London clubs specially devoted to the purpose, and in several gymnasiums, fencing as an exercise and pastime is not sufficiently appreciated by the athlete in general.

You see a couple of experts having a bout, and all that the untrained eye observes is the flash of the foils and their occasional bending as the point touches the protected body of the adversary. In boxing you can follow most of the blows and counters, but in fencing everything is done so quickly that it makes an extremely poor exhibition.

None the less it rivals boxing if it does not surpass it in point of interest to the combatants; you will admit this if you will take the trouble to learn a few lunges and guards, and to have a bout with a man who is not very much more clever than yourself.

The outfit for fencing is by no means expensive. A pair of well-balanced foils can be bought for 6s., and that is all you really require to begin with. When, later on, you are doing fast work, it will be necessary to wear a protecting jacket, generally made of canvas and leather, and obtainable for less than 10s. A gauntlet, padded not too clumsily, will cost you 3s.

That is for actual foil work. You can obtain as much fun with a pair of singlesticks, which are simply wooden imitations of a sword with a small basket at the end to protect the hand of their user. Good singlesticks can be bought at most athletic shops for 1s. apiece.

With them you may practise all the lunges, guards, and counters that are used in sword play, and, provided you have an understanding with your adversary that only body hits shall be used, there is no need for face and head protection.

When both of you are proficient, and both want to hit at every legitimate point, you will require a padded cane helmet, costing about 4s.; a wire mask to cover the whole head and protect the throat costs 6s. 6d., but the Army model giving rather less protection, can be had for about 3s.

The great claim of fencing is that it not only trains the eye and exercises the judgment, but also increases the elasticity of every muscle in the body, improves the carriage, and gives grace to the general bearing.

It is an exercise which cannot possibly be taught except by practical demonstration, so I must confine myself here to merely giving a few hints.

The rudiments must be learned from a competent fencer; an old drill sergeant is the man, and he can easily be persuaded to take a pupil for very little money indeed, for he loves the exercise for its own sake.

The pose of the fencer who is waiting to attack or to be attacked, is not very pleasing to the eye. Both his knees are bent, and there is none of that straight limbed dignity which one observes in a picturesque but useless stage duellist. The bended knees are to ensure readiness to move either back or forward without a moment's notice; in fact your knees should be so much bent that, when you look down, your right foot is hidden by your right knee, and your left by your left.

With singlesticks you must keep a good grip upon the weapon, but with the more delicate and lissom foil your hold must be light. The muscles of the forearm are not kept tense, and thus the foil can be used with a delicacy that would otherwise be impossible.

It is customary to practise only with the right hand, but, if you take the pastime up seriously, it is worth while developing the latent abilities of the left.

The left-handed fencer throws quite out of gear a man accustomed to right-handed opponents. Eugenio Pini, the Italian expert, was defeated before the King a year or two ago by Kirchhoffer, a left-handed fencer, who owed his victory almost entirely to that peculiarity.

THEODORE WILLIAMS.

The Haunted Farm.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By PHILIP TANNER.

Old John Gillam had gone into the town with some sheep in the afternoon and ought to have been back by six at the latest, but John often failed to do what he ought to have done, and we were not surprised when there was no sign of him at supper-time.

It was close on ten o'clock when, as I crossed from the stable to the house, I heard the cart crunching along the road, and I knew by the way old John was speaking to the horse that he was very drunk.

I waited till he came up and then I gave him a bit of my mind that ought to have sobered him down, but John was too far gone for words to have any effect. I told him to unyoke and come into the kitchen as soon as he was done to get some supper. Everybody else had gone to bed and I promised to wait till he had finished so as to lock the door after him.

I stood in front of the kitchen fire warming my legs and wishing he would hurry up, when I heard a yell from the direction of the stable and the sound of footsteps running quickly towards the house. I opened the door to see what was the matter, and beheld John with a white face and staring eyes, but as sober as any man could be.

"He's in the stable!" he cried. "I was just putting Bess in her stall when the barn door opened and he came in with a lamp in his hand."

"What do you mean by 'he'?" I asked.

"The devil!" said John. "I thought it was a man till I looked at his face. It was as white as your collar, and there were two black holes where the eyes ought to be.

I laughed at John for an old fool and told him to get on with his supper, but, though I disbelieved that the person he had seen came from another world, I considered it quite bad enough that anybody from this one should be wandering about the stable at night. So I lit a lantern and made a thorough search, but could find no sign of anyone either there or in the barn, and I came to the conclusion that the beer Old John had been drinking had set his imagination working too fast.

The next morning while my father and I were at breakfast one of the men came through to tell us that the stable had been turned all higgledy-piggledy during the night. We left our bacon and went to see for ourselves.

I shall never forget the sight we saw when we opened the stable door.

The horses had without exception been turned round in their stalls, and now they had their hind-quarters to the mangers. The harness had been pitched from the hooks, and lay scattered on the floor. Even the corn bin had been upset and the grain strewed about.

We opened the door dividing the stable from the barn, and here we found further havoc; the straw had been pulled down from the two great piles in which it usually stood, till the whole place was buried in it.

In the corn loft which ran above part of the stable we found that several bags of grain had been emptied on the floor and the barley mixed up with the oats.

When things had been set to rights as far as might be, the men got on with their usual work and nothing further happened that morning. I finished my dinner a little before they were done, and as I passed the kitchen door I heard talk of ghosts, and I knew that John, like the old fool he was, had been relating his adventure of the night before.

I crossed the yard to the stable and discovered on opening the door that the horses had again been turned in their stalls, and very impatient they were about it too, for their feed was in the manger.

I said nothing about it to the men, but unhitched the horses from the hooks to which our unknown tormentor had attached them, and allowed them to get back to their dinners. I peeped into the barn half expecting to find the straw again disarranged, but it was still as we had piled it in the morning.

As we came back from the field that night Old John walked beside me and volunteered certain historical information about the place, which he had been told by his mother, who had got it nobody knew from where.

It appeared that the Meadow Farm had at one time been the residence of a man named Hailes, who acted as steward to Sir Harry Redburn, the squire at Lesford Hall. Hailes had embezzled a great deal of money belonging to his master and in consequence of this the squire got into money difficulties and found himself obliged to sell the property and leave.

The night before his departure he discovered the faithlessness of his steward. His sorrow promptly changed to anger, and he betook himself to the Meadow Farm, where he killed his enemy and then committed suicide.

Old John Gillam was not sure whether it was the ghost of the squire or the steward who was responsible for our troubles, but he was convinced it was one or other.

For my part I laughed at him, because these things had happened quite two hundred years ago and both properties had changed hands many times since then. The Hall had recently been purchased by a Mr. Martelle, a foreign speculator from London, while the Meadow Farm had been rented by our family for quite a hundred years, and during that time there was no authentic instance of a ghost having been seen.

My father and I had just begun our supper that evening when we heard the men come in to theirs. Usually they were quiet enough, but to-night they all seemed to be talking at once, so I went through to see what was the matter.

I picked out the most intelligent of them and made him act as spokesman. He informed me that just as they were leaving the stable they observed one of the cow-shed doors open and a spectral hound emerge. It was something like a white spaniel, but it glowed in the half darkness and its eyes were very green. It walked straight across the yard in front of the gaping men and entered the barn.

Old Gillam said he had often heard his mother speak of the Redburn Hound, and that to see it twice meant certain death.

One of the men left there and then, without having his supper, three of them left after supper, and the others announced their intention of departing first thing in the morning.

Things were now at a serious pass, for we had to depend wholly on local labour and, if our farm got a bad name, it would be impossible for us to get fresh men.

I decided to sleep that night in the stable, and when our remaining men had gone to their beds I took my Yeomanry carbine from the wall, made a bed with straw in an empty stall, and lay down to watch.

I must have fallen asleep, for the next thing I remember was feeling something touch my arm. I threw out my hand to catch and hold whatever it might be, but you can imagine how I felt when my fingers closed about a bone. I ran my hand down to my arm and found that I was being held by fingers devoid of flesh. It was, in fact, a skeleton hand.

I am not readily moved, but the revulsion of feeling was so great that I drew my hand quickly away, and the next moment the skeleton hand disappeared.

My fear lasted only for a moment, and I quickly sat up and struck a match. I was just in time to see the door leading from the stable shutting.

I sprang to my feet and made a dash for the door, but when I reached it I found it shut and locked. Unluckily we had left most of the keys in the house for greater safety, and I had no means of opening it. I was just wondering whether I had better go back to the house to fetch the keys, when I thought I heard something move in the corn loft above.

The stairs leading to it were in the barn, and, the door being locked, I could not reach them. I remembered, however, that there was a trap door above one of the stalls, and by climbing on a manger and leaning against a pillar I was able to reach it and push it up. I threw it back and then prepared to climb up, but before I got my head through the trap there broke out above me a dazzling blue light which almost blinded me.

Another moment and my head and shoulders were through the trap and I was scrambling out on the floor of the corn loft. Where the light had come from I could not see, for it had now died down, but there was a strong smell of sulphur in the place. I stood quite still, listening, and presently I heard the door of the corn loft being gently opened, for one of the hinges creaked.

Here was something to go upon, so I dashed to the door. It was shutting when I put my hand on the edge of it, and someone on the other side was trying his best to pull it to, and he had the handle part of the latch in his favour. I thrust one hand against the door post, tugged with all my might and suddenly found that the door was released and sprang open.

I took a flying leap—to save the time I should otherwise have occupied in getting down the steep loft stair—and landed waist deep in the loose straw. Again I listened, and heard something moving stealthily in front of me. I floundered towards it and collided with the body of a man.

Here was something tangible to go upon. I stood on no ceremony, but pounded his head and face with my clenched fists till I had the satisfaction of feeling his grip on me relax, and felt him fall beneath me to the floor of the barn. One of my blows must have been telling, for the man was insensible.

I struck a match and recognised him as Mr. Martelle, the new owner of Lesford Hall. I trussed him up securely with a bit of rope and then went for my father. When he came to himself he was in a blue funk, especially when we threatened to hand him over to the police.

He offered to give us whatever sum we liked to name, and after all this course paid us best. We estimated the damage to our property and feelings at £500, and on his writing us a cheque for this sum we demanded an explanation of the outrage.

It appeared that he desired to add our farm to his property and had already approached our landlord, but, hoping to beat down the price, he had determined to frighten us out and to keep off all other bidders by giving the place a bad name, and his plan was greatly helped by the discovery of an underground passage, leading from the Hall to the old steward's house, on the site of which our farm buildings now stood.

He had picked the lock of our kitchen door one night, found the keys hanging behind it and taken a mould of them; the luminous dog was a spaniel belonging to him whose coat he had smeared with some phosphorescent paint; the skeleton hand we found in his pocket—the centre of the bone had been drilled out and wires had been fitted to the fingers so that when they were pulled the fingers would grip; the white and blue lights were caused by the ignition of a simple powder used in the making of fireworks.

Altogether we have no particular reason to complain about the adventure. The damages gave us a very good balance at the end of the year and, if ever Mr. Martelle attempts to buy the place over our heads, we have a very useful weapon by which he may be kept off.

The Country Loafer.

I am happiest when I am idle.—ARTEMUS WARD.

The art of loafing is such a primitive though delicate one that you can develop it successfully in the course of years without tuition. Hence the country loafer is quite as adept at the game as his city counterpart.

You will generally find him where the second best road of the village branches off the main one. The baker and the builder know that he is there or in the neighbouring public-house if they happen to want a man, but neither of these worthy tradesmen are very anxious to enlist his services.

He is ever ready for a job, but he is never ready for work.

The builder has discovered that he will work, or at least put in time, for an hour or so, and that then he will retire for half an hour or longer on the plea of sickness or something else. The builder also knows him to be more active than any of his regular labourers—in peeping round the corner of the growing wall to see whether or not he is observed. At the end of the day he insists upon being paid the money he has earned, and next day he fails to turn up, because he has still twopence or so left unspent.

HUNGER HIS ONLY SPUR.

Nothing induces the loafer to work or even to seek a job except hunger. So long as he has a few pence and the public-houses are open, he has that inestimable gift—a thoroughly placid and contented mind.

Thus it is that the tradesmen of the village find the loafer unreliable, but the private residents, having less experience, are unaware of his shortcomings.

The loafer may be engaged to wheel from a field to a garden half-a-dozen barrowfuls of manure which a resident has purchased from the baker, and if his temporary employer is wise enough to pay him so much for each barrowful, the work will at least be done expeditiously.

The loafer is certain, however, to select all the driest and least usable manure from the baker's heap, for he is supremely incompetent at every form of labour and in all things connected therewith.

He has a playful little trick also of carting the sixth barrowful to his own garden, if the baker is on the outlook and the resident is not, or of taking a seventh home if the resident is watching and the baker is busy.

THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM—ELSEWHERE.

Injudicious people have at times employed the loafer to do a bit of gardening for them.

It has been slowly done and well paid for, for the loafer is as much a stickler for good wages as any trade unionist.

He likes a job of this sort, and on the following day he makes an expedition to a neighbouring village where he sells some very useful plants and roots which his late employer imagines are still reposing beneath the black soil of the garden.

The loafer is game for anything in the way of work, so far as taking it on goes.

When the elections for the local council take place, he is all on the spot. He visits each of the candidates in turn, pitching a lamentable tale of a dying wife and starving children, and requesting that they should employ him to deliver their circulars to the electors.

For a job of this kind he gets a shilling for each hundred circulars, and, as the number of circulars is usually several thousands, his remuneration is ample. Cases are on record where a candidate has found the circulars which he entrusted to the loafer, tied together and reposing in a hole in an ivy hedge a week or two after the declaration of a close fought contest.

Such behaviour is worthy of no skilful loafer. The usual practice is to take the circulars home and cook the dinner with them.

These and such like jobs come too seldom to the loafer to be relied upon for his livelihood. He snaps at them when they present themselves, but, as a general thing, he relies upon the woods, commons and ditches to support him.

He has as regular a calendar as any gentleman in society.

GOOD MUSHROOMS—AND OTHERS.

In the spring he raids the woods for primroses, which he sells in the neighbouring villages. Later come ferns.

Then he waits patiently for the mushroom harvest, when he borrows a sack and sets forth to the fields and the orchards. Most people know that there are two kinds of mushrooms, one good and the other poisonous, but the loafer picks them all and sells them all indiscriminately, and the people, knowing him to be well-versed in the ways of nature, rely upon his discrimination and eat the lot. Many a mysterious ailment might, if only the village doctor knew it, be traced back to the loafer's mushrooms.

His next harvest is when the blackberries ripen. He beats the children at gathering them hands down, because he gets in time while they are still at school. He has an artful way of placing a few large stones in the bottom of his basket, to balance it or something, and, when these are nicely covered with luscious black fruit, the housewife flatters herself that she is getting several pounds more for her money than she ought to do.

Next comes the hazel nut harvest, and after that the dead leaves which he sells to gardeners, and the acorns which farmers buy from him to fatten their pigs.

THE PROLIFIC SHE-DOG.

Between times he makes walking sticks and weaves baskets from willow branches. Sometimes—very rarely, for it takes time and trouble—he makes rustic seats for gardens.

He generally keeps a she-dog which is most astonishingly prolific in the matter of puppies. These he hawks while they are still short and woolly and their breed is a matter of hazard. To some purchasers he represents them as being bull-dogs. Timid old ladies are assured that they are Italian greyhounds, and young men with a sporting turn of mind purchase them with a verbal certificate that they are pure-bred lurchers.

Very few people guess the true ancestry of his precious pups, for he is known to be a doggy man—that is to say, he has the reputation of having bitten off the tails of more pups than anyone else in the village, and a reputation like that is worth something to him.

He is supposed to have special facilities for procuring good dogs—and sometimes he does manage to steal a few—but his own she-dog is responsible for most of his stock.

THE SPORTING ELEMENT.

The she-dog, too, is useful to him for rat catching, and he does not a little of that for the farmers and others. Possibly he is more enthusiastic over rat catching than any other type of work, for there is often a little of the sportsman in him. If there is a lot, he usually does a bit of poaching at night.

Sometimes he breaks the law outright, but always carefully, so that neither his liberty nor his tender skin shall be damaged. On a dark and stormy night, when it is impossible for the timid wayfarer to identify his assailant, the loafer will step from the hedge and demand his money or take it by force. If his intended victim shows fight the loafer immediately decamps, but occasionally he succeeds in getting a fair sum of money by this highway robbery, and for at least a week he disappears from his accustomed stance at the centre of the village to enjoy himself in some other place where his sudden accession to wealth will not be matter for suspicion.

EDWARD LIVESEY.

DANGEROUS HABITS.

Fixed as a habit or some darling sin.—JOHN OLDHAM.

Most of us have at some time or other been prescribed quinine by our medical men, and it is safe to say that no one who has once tasted it will ever forget its nauseous flavour.

The very thought of quinine is enough to conjure up a grimace.

If, however, you are obliged to continue the treatment for some weeks, you will not only cease to dislike the drug, but actually develop a craving for it.

When this occurs the quinine has ceased to act as a tonic, and has become a species of poison, weakening the internal economy and finally wrecking the health.

Most doctors recognise this fact, and as soon as they find that the patient has ceased to dislike his quinine they rightly prescribe something else.

There are far more victims to the quinine habit than one would expect, its extensive use being due to the fact that the sale is not restricted by law.

Its victims do not as a rule take it in gelatine capsules, for they actually like to taste it as it passes through their mouths.

A young friend of the present writer has ruined his digestion and is speedily undermining his health through the unusual habit of eating cinnamon.

He was at one time an excessive smoker, and someone told him that he could break himself of the habit by smoking cigarettes made of cinnamon and also by nibbling it.

The tobacco cure was complete, but he now finds himself a victim to the habit of chewing cinnamon, and all his efforts to break away from it have so far been unavailing.

The pity of it is that it is much more damaging than his former excessive use of tobacco.

If you are unfortunate enough to have a cold, half your friends will advise you to inhale eucalyptus; but here again there is danger.

The oil is a powerful antiseptic with an odour that is more pungent than pleasant, but in time the habitual user comes to regard it as sweeter than the rarest perfume.

He saturates his handkerchief with it, and even eats sweetsin which it forms the flavouring.

The result is that his senses are dulled, and he finds that he has developed a habit which is almost impossible to throw off.

Dr. Lucas Benham, of Australia, records several cases where people have become wholly unconscious for a time through swallowing eucalyptus, and in at least one instance the patient was at death's door when the physician arrived.

One would not readily suppose that camphor would be chosen by very many as a means of gratifying a depraved appetite; but any chemist will assure you that he sells far more camphor than is ever used for the purposes of moth-killing or disinfecting.

The taste of camphor is unpleasant, and it produces a peculiar dryness of the mouth; nevertheless there are many who acquire a liking, even a craving, for it. Like all other habits of this kind, it is most injurious to the health, for it plays ducks and drakes with the digestion in a very short time.

Another baleful habit is the eating of those brown lozenges of linseed, liquorice and chlorodyne, so extensively sold for the cure of coughs and hoarseness.

They contain a perceptible quantity of chloroform, and produce a numbness of the faculties. Hence their effect resembles to some degree that of alcoholic intoxication, and women buy them in large quantities because of the sensation they produce; they quite forget that by the use of chlorodyne lozenges—innocent as they may seem—they are undermining their health very seriously.

Great care should be exercised in dealing with them, as occasional use all too often develops into a habit which is as difficult to throw off as it is dangerous.

ALFRED MOIR, B.Sc.

AT BAY.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By HARRY INGRAM.

The carrier's van stopped at the door of Miss Penlove's house, and Miss Penlove herself as well as her servant Mary went to the front door in a flutter of excitement.

"You've got something alive in here, ma'am," said the carrier, as he deposited a large hamper upon the doorstep. "That'll be fourpence to pay, if you please. Thank you, ma'am, thank you kindly," as Miss Penlove handed him sixpence and refused to take the change. "I'll drink your health, that I will—in milk," he added hastily as he saw the lady's look of horror.

Miss Penlove and her servant lifted and dragged the hamper into the middle of the dining-room, where they paused to have a consultation.

"What ever can be inside?" asked Miss Penlove.

"I don't know," replied Mary, with the air of innocence with which she made the same reply when questions were asked as to how something had been broken. "But if you take my advice, ma'am, you'll leave it alone. It's addressed to Mr. Horace, and, as like as not, it's some wild beast."

Miss Penlove started.

"I never knowed such a young gentleman for keeping beasts," Mary went on; "he's always a-buying of 'em, he is, and sooner or later I get the feeding of 'em. He's got a penguin and a pole cat and a fox cub, and there's no saying but this may be a——"

"Don't talk nonsense," interrupted Miss Penlove. "I feel certain Horace would not get any animal that was really dangerous."

All the same she was not so very sure, and she wished most heartily that her nephew Horace, who lived with her, had remained at home that Saturday afternoon to receive his new pet instead of going away for the week-end on his bicycle.

"Mr. Horace said as he wouldn't be back till to-morrow morning, didn't he, ma'am?" asked Mary. "It would hardly be fair to let the poor thing be confined in the hamper all that time."

Miss Penlove agreed that the animal should certainly have some food, for curiosity was in her case also getting the better of prudence.

"Mary," she said, "I think perhaps you ought to cut the strings that fasten down the lid and let the poor creature come out."

But Mary protested that, willing as she was to please, such risks might not be covered by the servants' insurance policy.

She handed a table knife to her mistress and made for the other side of the door, peeping round the edge of it however, for curiosity was one of her leading characteristics.

Miss Penlove, in order to show her superior courage, took the knife and boldly cut one of the strings.

She had sawn the other nearly through when there came a ring at the front door bell. Miss Penlove ceased operations till she could ascertain the identity of the caller.

It was a telegraph boy, and Mary brought into the room a brown envelope addressed simply "Penlove." Probably it was for her nephew, but Miss Penlove had the excuse that the address was ambiguous, and she wanted to know what was inside.

She tore open the wrapper and read:

"Am sending on young wolf. Hope you will like him. He answers to name of Nick."

"Good gracious!" cried Miss Penlove as the telegram fluttered from her trembling fingers.

"Why in all the wide world did Horace dream of getting such a creature?"

Mary had meantime picked up the fallen telegram and read it. Its effect upon her was a frenzied shriek.

The occupant of the hamper was moving about restlessly, a sharp black nose was already peeping out at that side of the lid where the cord had been severed, and the half-cut string at the other side was obviously suffering from the pressure.

Miss Penlove placed a chair beside the table and stood upon it.

"What shall we do," she cried, "if the wretch escapes?"

At that very moment there came a sharp crack as the last strands of the string gave way, the lid of the hamper shot up, and there bounded forth a fluffy animal—just like a young wolf which Miss Penlove recollected having seen as a girl in a travelling menagerie.

With an agility of which one would scarcely have believed her capable, she scrambled upon the table, and dragged the half-fainting Mary after her.

They were just in time, for, as the last few inches of Mary's feet came up over the edge, the unwelcome Nick placed his forefeet on the well-polished mahogany.

"It's a good thing we know his name," said Miss Penlove, "Nick, Nick! Nicky boy, good wolfy!"

"For heving's sake, missis, don't call him or he'll jump up. Look! He's trying to do it already. Get down, you varmint! Get down, there!" And Mary removed the slipper from her right foot and used it to slap the enemy on the nose.

Nick apparently considered that it would be advisable to make his ascent by more gradual stages, so he came round to that side of the table where stood the chair by means of which Miss Penlove and her servant had mounted.

Miss Penlove was the first to see what he was about to do; she gingerly thrust out one foot, placed it on the back of the chair and tipped it over.

She would probably have overbalanced and fallen to the floor, where she would have been at the mercy of the enemy, had not Mary been clinging tightly to her.

Instead of being duly grateful for Mary's timely assistance, however, she turned upon her with some sternness, perhaps because she was annoyed with herself for her lack of courage.

"Mary," she said, "get down, please, and open the door and let the poor creature out."

"Not if you was to give me all the jewels of all the great ladies that ever lived," said Mary. "Missis, I'm not your servant any longer. I herewith give you notice on the spot. I'll leave this moment." And she was about to carry the threat into execution when Nick slipped round to that side of the table, opened a panting mouth and showed a red tongue and two rows of very strong white teeth.

At sight of this Mary felt so faint that she staggered and fell against her mistress. As the table was a mahogany one, and the top very smooth, the impact almost spelt disaster for both.

They therefore determined that it would be wiser to sit down, and accordingly they sat down back to back, their knees raised to their chins, and their skirts tightly tucked under their feet.

At this moment a wheezing, old-fashioned wind organ was heard in the distance, and Nick at once commenced the most fearful howls that ever curdled the blood of a timid traveller making his way over the snow-covered steppes.

"Oh, just listen to him, ma'am," said Mary. "It reminds me of my mother's lodger when he first joined the church choir. Do you know, ma'am, it's making me as ill as ill. I feel about half the size I did when I got on to this here table. I'm wasting away to a shadow, I am, like the ladies do in novelettes when they're in love."

Meanwhile Miss Penlove had torn her pocket handkerchief in two and had plugged up each ear with a half of it.

"It's the song of blood," she said tragically. "I have read that the wolves howl like this before they start upon the carnage. In a few hours it will be all over. We shall be lying on the floor, two mangled corpses."

"Oh, don't say that, ma'am!" said Mary. "We should look so horrible. There would be bits of us here and there all over the room, and half of the bits eaten. Oh, don't say it, ma'am! Lor'!" she added. "Look at the way he's licking his lips. Heving help me if his eyes at this very moment didn't turn green! Oh, why did I ever take this place? They don't give you much to eat, they work the very skin off your bones, and now they're going to kill me, and I won't even have lilies and things thrown about me when I'm dead."

The picture she conjured before her mind was so pathetic that Mary gave way to tears; what was worse, she moaned and howled alternately.

At this Nick whined and howled worse than ever, and he made valiant efforts to leap upon the table either to comfort or to eat her.

Once he was unwise enough to place a paw on the edge of the table, but Mary disentangled one foot from her skirt and brought the heel of it so sharply down upon the intruding member that Nick, yelling this time in agony, retired to the sofa.

There he licked his injured foot, and presently he scrambled upon the end of the sofa and sniffed about the sideboard which stood beside it. There stood on the end nearest him the remains of a very small joint of beef from which Miss Penlove had just dined. Without hesitation, for he was very hungry, Nick buried his fangs in the joint, dragged it down to the hearthrug and ate it.

"Let us be prepared," said Miss Penlove, "and don't shake so, Mary. Why, you are pushing me inch by inch to the very edge of the table! Yes, girl, prepare yourself. He has tasted blood, for the meat was very much underdone, as you always manage to have it. We shall be his next victims."

Scarcely had Nick finished the meat, when there sounded outside the window the tinkle-tinkle of a bell. Nick pricked up his ears.

"That's the Smiths' kitten," said Miss Penlove, "but apparently he thinks he hears the distant sound of sleigh bells, and his lust of blood is kindled afresh!"

"Ah, me!" moaned Mary. "If I had only had some of them pills that made me so bad the other day I'd give him the box. Is there nothing we can do? I can reach this gas globe. May I throw it at him, ma'am?"

"On no account," said Miss Penlove. "You would only infuriate the animal."

The organ had by this time moved elsewhere, the cat had tinkled out of hearing, and Nick's hunger was appeased. He jumped on the sofa, nosed his way beneath a cushion, and went to sleep.

On the table throughout that night sat the two women watching him, Miss Penlove stern and resigned, Mary garrulous, pathetic, and sleepy by turns.

It was ten o'clock on the following morning when they heard the sound of Horace Penlove's latchkey. A moment later he was in the room.

"Back, back, for your life, dear Horace!" cried Miss Penlove. "It is enough that we should be sacrificed. Save yourself. But, oh, Horace, what ever possessed you to get a wolf?"

"A wolf?" cried Horace, "why, it's a young collie—sire, champion Wolf, out of Invicta. A man I met at our debating society promised to let me have the dog, but I didn't think he really meant it, and so I forgot all about it."

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OCEAN GHOSTS.

This gloomy fearfulness.—VIRGIL.

Every man aboard the *Roundhead* felt something of the excitement attaching to a first voyage as the ship steamed down the Clyde, for none of them had before sailed on that particular vessel. The first night out was cold and wet, and as the second mate paced the bridge he suddenly beheld his commanding officer ascend the ladder and walk towards him. A second glance, however, showed that though the stranger wore the uniform of a captain his face was not that of the man the mate served under. As he watched the figure it suddenly vanished.

It was then that the second mate decided that he had seen a ghost, for the stranger's uniform was not the usual navy blue but of a gray and hazy colour, and his face was deathly pale.

The officer, however, held his tongue till others of the ship's company announced that they also had seen the grim spectre.

Night after night the gray figure of the ghostly captain traversed the deck and then vanished down the companion way.

One evening the captain himself happened to be ascending the ladder as the spectre came down. It was quite dark, and they collided with force. The captain, not knowing who it was, was angry at his carelessness, seized him by the collar and dragged him to where a lamp was burning. Then to his astonishment he discovered that the man he held was none other than the ghost!

It transpired that the masquerader was the former commander of the vessel, who had lost his ticket owing to making a collision during the previous voyage. His troubles unhinged his mind, and, dressing himself in a gray replica of his old costume, he came aboard and hid himself in a recess behind some panelling which he had for years previously used for the concealment of smuggled goods.

On a sailing ship bound for West Africa a spectre of another type recently appeared. A sailor was sent aloft to furl the royal, and, when he was half way up, a voice shouted from the darkness above: "Down to Davy Jones's locker, down, down, down!"

The sailor reached the deck in record time.

The boatswain, who had not heard the dreadful voice, said a few things which were more emphatic than polite, and ordered the man to go up again and do his work; but the sailor flatly refused. Therefore the boatswain went aloft himself. Just as he had finished with the royal, the ominous voice sounded once more.

In the morning the crew beheld sitting in the rigging a fine green parrot which had presumably escaped from some passing steamer and perched on the schooner. Had it flown off again during the night we should have had another of those unexplained mysteries.

The famous Flying Dutchman was seen by the crew of a fishing boat on the Newfoundland Banks, and they immediately set sail for home.

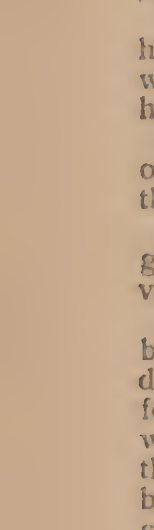
Another boat on the following night also saw the dread apparition, but there was no wind and escape was impossible; and so they watched terror-stricken throughout the night what appeared to be a ship with all sails set.

As the darkness lifted and dawn lit the waters, the skipper discovered that the apparition was merely the result of gases rising from the decomposing body of a dead whale floating on the surface.

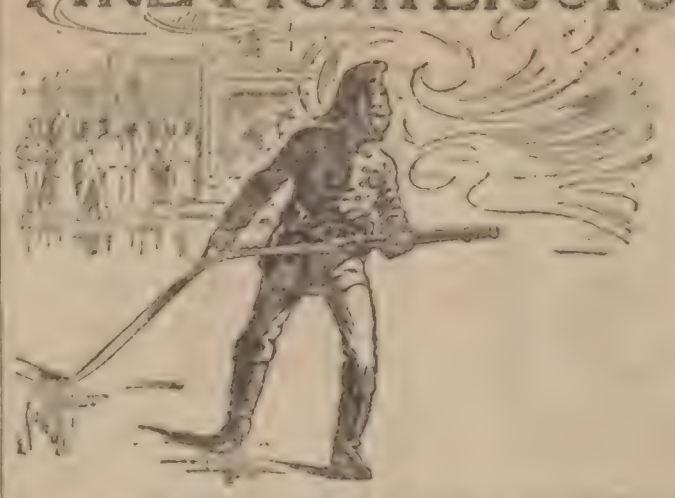
An even more convincing phantom ship is to be seen in the strait of Le Maire in South America. The captain of the *Crown of Italy* saw a vessel which appeared to be in distress, and he sent out to its assistance, wrecking his own vessel on the rocks.

Then a Norwegian barque reported seeing a derelict with all sails set at the same spot, and finally the Argentine Government sent a steamer to investigate. It was found that one of the rocks bordering the strait looked from a certain distance exactly like a ship, and it now appears in the charts as "rock bearing the appearance of a ship."

G. B. PLAYER.



FIRE FIGHTER STORIES.



BY A MEMBER OF THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE.

We see some strange things in our day's work, and one of the strangest is panic. When a fire breaks out in a building it's natural enough for the inmates to be scared, but it's difficult to understand why they should become totally unable to move through sheer fright when there isn't any danger at all.

Take this case. We were called to an outbreak in Queen Victoria Street only a month or two after the memorable fire which had taken place in that same thoroughfare.

When we drew up outside the warehouse we found that the flames were confined to one room on the first floor, at the window of which a clerk was standing. He was so thoroughly paralysed with fright that he couldn't even shout for help.

I bolted up the stairs to fetch him down, and then to my surprise I discovered that he was not in the slightest danger.

AFRAID, WITHOUT DANGER.

A pile of blazing flannelette goods stood in the middle of the room, and though the flames rose to the ceiling there was plenty of space for him to pass between them and the wall without even getting hot.

It came out that he had been sent to check these goods, and had seized the chance of having a cigarette on the sly. Unfortunately he dropped the match at the bottom of the pile, and when the flannelette blazed up he lost his head altogether. There wasn't any danger, for the floor was concrete and the roof fireproof, and if we hadn't come on the scene the fire would just have burnt itself out.

That's only one instance of the sort of thing we see daily. It's pleasant to look at the other side of the picture, for some people are just as cool as others are timid.

Some time ago a fire broke out in the Trocadero Restaurant owing to an overheated flue. It was at eleven at night and the theatre supper parties were in full swing. As the smoke began to spread through the restaurant, the manager went round the tables explaining to his customers what had happened, and adding that the outbreak was being attended to.

A LITTLE BIT OF PLUCK.

Nobody moved, however, and one gentleman remarked: "I'll stop where I am. If they don't put the fire out they'll put us out, so we're all right."

I like to come across a bit of pluck like that.

Another beautiful example of coolness was the chap who brought a fire to us to be put out! He was carting a load of cotton waste from an electrical works to a dealer who had bought it.

The rags had come from the engine-room, and were saturated with oil. The stuff had been packed tightly in bales, and the heat of the sun had induced spontaneous combustion, which is always liable to happen with oily waste.

When the carter noticed the outbreak he looked about him for help, and, seeing the red lamp of our station close at hand he drove into our yard. By this time the rags were blazing, but we managed to cut the horse loose and save the cart as well.

False alarms occur many times each week. The last notable one was at an old church close to Fleet Street. We were called one evening by a street alarm, and when we reached the place there was no difficulty in finding where the fire was supposed to be, for a crowd had gathered in front of the building.

Now it struck us that churches are not usually very inflammable, but it doesn't do to hesitate, so we forced the door and went in.

There wasn't so much as a spark anywhere. The solution of the mystery was that the setting sun was shining in at the ruby-stained windows on the west side of the church and the lurid rays were thrown through the unstained windows on the east side.

As we looked at it from that direction we couldn't deny that there was some excuse for the old gentleman who had first raised the alarm. A few people had gathered round, believing he was right, and then came the crowd, for, if half-a-dozen people imagine there is a fire, you'll never find anybody bold or original enough to think otherwise.

KILLED BY HEARSAY.

At a fire everybody is excited and everybody wants to give us directions and information, but we never rely on them, however well-intentioned they may be. We have had some severe lessons which have left us in grave doubt of the excited person's veracity.

At one of the first fires I attended, the neighbours volunteered the information that all the family had already left the burning house and that there was nobody to get out. Our chief took this as true, but we discovered when too late that a maidservant had been suffocated in bed.

That was many years ago, and we now make a point of searching the house wherever possible, and not depending on what the onlookers say.

I don't suggest for a moment that they would mislead us intentionally, but their excitement makes them see things differently, and a crowd is always liable to state a mere rumour as a fact.

I think the most unpleasant aspect of our work is the trouble we have with thieves. These gentry have a rare time during a fire and are always amongst the foremost to offer the tenant of the burning house assistance in salving his property. They collar all they can get, but the rightful owner never sees it again.

THE THIEF AT THE HOSE.

I have seen things pitched out of upper windows into the street and immediately snatched up and carried into a very private place of safety by the crowd.

It is, of course, in the interests of such people that the fire should spread as much as possible, and they do everything they can to hinder our work.

At one time I was attached to a station in the East-End, and at a fire in Whitechapel we had to get a company of soldiers from Wellington Barracks to protect us from the crowd.

And a tough job they had.

I was only a young chap then, and was given no more heroic work then standing on the pavement easing the hose round the edge of the doorway, tightening couplings and so forth. Suddenly I looked round and saw a man hacking away at the hose with a knife. How he had slipped through the line of soldiers I don't know, but there he was.

I was in a bad temper at the time, for I had wanted to be inside the building in the thick of it all along with the senior men. When I saw this scoundrel's game it was the last straw, and I caught him such a smash on the side of his head with my closed fist that he rolled over senseless on the ground.

At first I thought I had killed him, but after he had lain in the hospital a week or two he got better, and was sent off to cool his heels in gaol for a while.

In my own humble opinion it would have had a good effect on the morals of the district if he had been strung up as a horrible example. It was no fault of his that we managed to rescue all the people in that house.

R. WINTER.

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

THE GREAT BRAIN AND NERVE TONIC AND RESTORATIVE—SAFE AND SPEEDY.

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Sleeplessness	Nervous Palpitations	Faintness	Trembling	Depression and
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Lassitude	Loss of Memory	Inability to Concentrate the Mind	Moroseness	Nerve Exhaustion.
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OF ALL CHEMISTS, STORES, &c., 1/1½, 2/6, 4/6.

WHY THE BRAIN AND NERVES NEED PHOSPHORUS.

THE Physiologist tells us that every man, woman and child, with all their peculiarities of form and heredity, is composed of so much of one element and so much of another, and that when any one constituent falls below the normal standard serious complications ensue.

Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus, whose chief seat or situation is in the Brain, is one of the most important elements contained in our bodies. Without Free Phosphorus there can be no thought, and very probably no life.

One thing is proved beyond doubt—that the degree of intellectual thought depends upon the amount of Free Phosphorus in the brain, and just as the Phosphorus is unduly wasted, so does the brain power weaken.

The action of Phosphorus in the human system may be briefly stated as the element of activity in the brain and nervous system. As the muscular and body structures require gelatine, fibrine, and earthy matter for their support and sustenance, so does the brain require the one element—Phosphorus—for its renewal and preservation. If the expenditure of nervous force exceeds its normal amount, the store of Phosphorus is diminished, and until its deficiency is made good vital action languishes; the brain and the whole of the bodily organs act with a waning vigour.

One of the ugliest features of our complex civilisation is the alarming prevalence of what is styled "Nervous breakdown."

Its causes are only too well known; but only recently has the full import of the part Free Phosphorus plays come to be recognised. The habits, occupation, incessant worry, late hours, and unnatural modes of living, which seem to follow civilisation, have the effect of depleting the human system of its necessary supply of Phosphorus.

The more immediate results are the loss of appetite, nausea, heartburn, flatulence, dizziness, sick headaches, failure of physical and mental vigour, sleeplessness, distressing sense of weight and fulness in the stomach, all of which are known as dyspepsia and liver complaints.

FREE PHOSPHORUS, IT IS THUS SHOWN, MUST BE THE SAVING AGENT—NO OTHER MEANS IS POSSIBLE. THIS ONE ELEMENT MUST BE REPLACED.

The Physician's usual order to abstain from business, to get away from all sources of worry, rarely accomplishes what it is intended to do, as thousands know only too well; and again, few are in such a position that their means, their business, or other ties will allow of a lengthened relaxation.

Previous to the introduction by the late Dr. Samuel Birley of an improved process of manufacture, there were serious difficulties in the way of administering Phosphorus so that it would remain in perfect solution in the system, and reach the brain and nerve tissues that alone were in need of it. Himself convinced of the absolute necessity of Phosphorus for the human system, he experimented in every possible way—in the various forms hitherto known to medical science; but he found, in common with others, that the Phosphorus prepared in these forms was not under perfect control. It did not assimilate satisfactorily, and had many drawbacks. His exhaustive experiments ultimately resulted in a discovery—one that rendered the Phosphorus easy of manipulation, and such that the human system would greedily take up. It was rendered absolutely soluble in the blood, and was perfectly satisfactory in its effects in every way. It could pass into the circulation, and enter into the composition of the brain and nervous system.

Cases of every class have been treated with this new form of Phosphorus. The prematurely old, the worn and exhausted, the nervous and miserable in every position in life, have been gradually restored to a most vigorous and perfectly healthy state. From a lean and cadaverous condition they have become full in flesh, the countenance clear and ruddy, the eyes bright, the step and gait again elastic and determined, the spirits high and generous, the temper cheerful, the brain again active, perception quick, memory tenacious, and the whole system and character changed from the most pitiable condition to the highest state of existence.

The preparation which has repeatedly produced such results as those above described is known as Dr. Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus.

WEEK'S SUPPLY. FREE WEEK'S SUPPLY.

The Proprietors offer a Bottle Gratis to every person who has not hitherto tried Dr. Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus, on the condition that they will under no circumstances make a second application for such.

The Trial Bottle we offer is a generous sized one, and contains a week's supply. We charge nothing whatever for the sample itself, but, as it weighs over half a pound (packed), it costs 3d. to send by parcel post, and we ask you to stand this small item of expense. No charge if called for.

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers—

GORDON, MURRAY & CO., Ltd.,

10, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.

To GORDON, MURRAY & CO., Ltd.,
10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C.

SIRS,—Please send me a TRIAL BOTTLE GRATIS (containing a week's supply) of Dr. Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus, also 24-paged pamphlet. Enclosed are three penny stamps, to cover Parcel Postage. I promise never to make a second application for a Trial Bottle, either directly or through any third party.

Signature and Address .....

D.X.2. .....

.....

These Trial Bottles cannot be sent abroad.

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
CAPTAIN L.H.SAUNDERS

CHRISTMAS SALES.

From now onwards, the various men's drapers will load their windows with bunches of ties, piles of fancy vests, and bales of underwear, and will paste up the magic intimation "Sale."

Men will flock inside, and in a majority of cases be done brown.

Don't suppose that I am blaming the shopkeepers for this; it's largely the fault of the customer, for he ought to keep his eyes peeled.

Take sale ties as an example. Some have been bought in for the purpose of the sale; I have seen in the shilling basket ties which are alleged to have been reduced from half-a-crown, but which are only mercerised cotton and would be sold at any other time for sixpence-halfpenny.

There are some genuine half-crown ties in that basket, I admit, but they are of ugly patterns and have been refused by all the half-crown customers during the season.

Sale ties are either hideous or trashy. Avoid them.

The only things you are wise in buying at a sale are socks and underwear, and in this line you will be able to secure some bargains if you look about.

I would not have it thought that my home truths apply to all sales. Periodically the highest class shops get rid of surplus stock in this way, and there you can get some very good things fairly cheap—even ties.

UMBRELLAS.

Once upon a time when every London business man of any pretensions arrayed himself in a silk hat, he would as soon have thought of going to work without an umbrella as of dispensing with a collar.

I imagine that the proportion of bowlers to silk hats in London must now be something like fifty to one. It follows that with the disappearance of the silk hat its protecting umbrella is also to a considerable extent being done without.

If you observed the workers hurrying from a London terminus some years ago you would have seen that the majority of men carried umbrellas whether the weather were fine or not. Now umbrellas are seldom seen except when it is actually raining. The bowler has weather-resisting qualities which enable us to take the risk of a shower.

And so it has come about that the umbrella has ceased to be a regular part of the outfit of the business man except on wet days.

CARE OF AN UMBRELLA.

If you have been using your umbrella in town on a wet day, it will by evening be liberally bespattered with mud. When you reach home this should be washed off while the umbrella is still wet; no soap should be used, because it turns the stitching green. Brushing it when it is dry is not good enough, for with that treatment traces of the spots still remain visible.

When the umbrella has been properly cleaned, it should be opened out and left to dry. If you have no convenient place to put it in, and find it too much in the way when open, you should leave it closed and stand it in a corner handle downwards.

In the cheaper make of umbrellas the tassel becomes shabby long before the cover. You can get a new silk tassel for about a shilling.

IN-SOLES.

Being sensible, you never buy your boots smaller than you can wear comfortably from the outset; and so by and by, long before the boots are worn out, you find that they have stretched so much that they have become uncomfortably large.

The remedy is simple and not very costly. Get a pair of in-soles. Those made of cork and wool are abominations, sweat absorbers, unwholesome scent factories, and most other things that are evil. The best in-soles are of leather, and your bootmaker will cut you a very satisfactory pair for a shilling.

The making occupies an extremely short time; it is the material you have to pay for. You can easily make a pair for yourself if you happen to have a piece of leather handy. An old pair of leggings which have lost their buttons and been thrown aside, can be turned into two pairs of in-soles, better in fact than those you buy, for there is nothing to beat pigskin. First cut out a piece of paper and trim it till it fits inside the boot exactly; then, using this as a pattern, cut out the soles with a sharp knife.

When in-soles become saturated with sweat, they should be cleaned by being placed for fifteen minutes in cold water, which will take out the acid of the sweat and leave the leather uninjured.

EVENING DRESS GLOVES.

Two methods are open in the matter of evening dress gloves. You can buy an expensive pair and have them cleaned each time, or you can buy a cheap pair every time it is necessary to wear white gloves.

The latter plan comes slightly more expensive, but I think it is perhaps the more satisfactory, as a cleaned white glove never looks quite so fresh as a new one.

I take it that it is only in the matter of evening dress gloves that a man wants to emulate the fair sex in choosing as small a size as he can wear. I have seen men's hands encased in gloves that threatened to burst at any moment, so tight in fact that one of the buttons had to be left loose. That is, of course, carrying matters to an extreme, or a little beyond it, for the tight glove actually makes one's hands look bigger than they really are.

What you want is a glove that fits you exactly; rather bigger than you need if you mean to have it cleaned afterwards, as you must always allow for a little shrinkage at the cleaner's hands.

Supposing you have purchased your gloves exactly the size you require, your first consideration must be not to damage them in putting them on. Insert the fingers first and, when you have pushed them quite home, then put in the thumb. If there is any difficulty in buttoning the gloves, bend your wrist while doing so.

SPORTING GLOVES.

Where you are going to work in your gloves as in riding, driving or cycling, it is absolutely essential that you should have them a little larger than you need. Your exact size is the number of inches and quarter inches round your palm at the widest part; when you are ordering gloves for sporting purposes, give the shopman at least a quarter size beyond that.

The ordinary glove is made for the hand at rest, and, when you grip the reins or the handle bar with such a glove, it splits at the seams; hence the need for a size bigger.

For a sporting glove there is nothing to beat a good tan Cape with a hard, smooth surface. Such a glove throws off the wet much better than those made of buckskin, and it keeps clean far longer.

TO MY READERS.

In the first place let me wish you a very merry Christmas, and many of them. In the second, let me make a small request.

I want you to write to me about any point of masculine dress which interests you particularly. If I think it would also interest the majority of my readers, I shall be happy to deal with it on this page.

MILITARY versus HORSEY.

Ten years ago there was in London, and in every provincial town, a set of young men devoted to the horse and they set the fashion. They were to be seen at horse shows, auctions, race meetings, and all other functions where the horse formed the central subject of interest. A few of them made their living off the horse in one way or another, but the majority were amateurs.

These were the gay boys of whatever town they belonged to. They were the survivals of the mid-Victorian bloods, and their clothes were copied by the clerk, by the business man, and by others who fostered a liking for sport though their occupations prevented them from following it.

Then came the South African war and a complete change in the public models of fashion. The horsey set lost their hold completely, and it became the object of the ambitious young man to appear as like an officer in mufti as possible.

This feeling was shared even by the horsey young men themselves, and so they discarded their breeches and their long tailed coats and donned ordinary lounges, the one remaining badge of their particular vocation or avocation being, perhaps, a golden replica of a fox's head as a tie pin.

They were fond of fawn bowler hats and bird's eye ties, but these they discarded for the black bowler and the plain sailor knot.

The rank and file did not copy the horsey set in these matters. It had by this time thrown them over completely, and had taken as its models the officers whom the horsey men were also imitating.

A REVIVAL.

And so it was for some years, but presently the very mention of khaki became unfashionable, and the lead in fashion remained a question of doubt.

Now matters have straightened themselves out once again, and the average young man has once more decided whom he is to imitate in his clothes.

In London it is the military set who make the fashions, and it is the object of every well-dressed Londoner to have his clothes indistinguishable from those of an officer in civilian dress.

In provincial towns, however, there appears to have been a revival of the horsey style. Once more the young bloods are dropping their plain tweed suits, and are proclaiming to the world their allegiance to man's best friend by disporting themselves on all possible occasions in breeches and gaiters.

The popularity of the mounted corps of the Territorials has had much to do with it, for it has become almost the rule—everywhere except in London—for the high-spirited, dressy young man to spend his Saturday afternoon astride a horse and in uniform.

GOLOSHES.

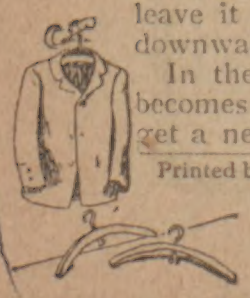
"Not more than one man in fifty wears goloshes," a London tradesman informed me the other day. "I only wish they would catch on as they have done in America, where everybody wears them in the winter time."

As he dealt in this particular type of commodity, I can well understand his reason for desiring the popularity of the golosh, but I hope his wish will long be unfulfilled.

Goloshes make the feet hot, and thus tend to the production of corns in exactly the same way as do patent leather boots. Certainly they keep out the damp, but a sound pair of boots will do that equally well without overheating the feet.

Goloshes make the best shaped foot unsightly. They seem to interfere with the whole style of walking, and the person wearing them appears to slither along instead of stepping out briskly.

I think the one time when goloshes are really of use is when one has to go out in evening clothes on a wet night.



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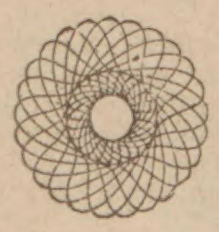
Will be All the Rage this Christmas, and the Scientific Novelty of 1909.

Each year sees one novelty outstrip all others in popularity. The Novelty that will be all the rage this Xmas Season—and during the 1909 Season—will be the appropriately named "Mysterion." Last season it was the "Rainbow Ball-Bearing Top," of which, it is interesting to note, the Playground of Science Co. sold over a quarter of a million during the first ten weeks following its introduction. The same firm of Scientific Experts are responsible for the latest Novelty, "The Mysterion."



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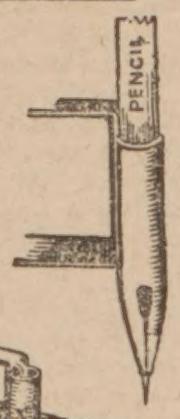


It is gratifying to know that we are not this time indebted for this latest novelty to either an ingenious Frenchman, or a cute Yankee, or a learned German. The "Mysterion" is the invention of an Englishman who took First Honours in the Mechanical Science Tripos at Cambridge. In durability and infinity of interest "The Mysterion" should easily and quickly eclipse the wonderful selling record achieved by the "Rainbow Ball-Bearing Top."

The possibilities of "The Mysterion" are truly mystifying in their infinite variety. There is no end to the exquisitely beautiful and puzzlingly intricate designs that this marvellous machine will produce at the rate of one every half-minute.

There could be no better present to a child or juvenile of any age, while every adult of artistic tastes will be just as fascinated by the extraordinary work it does. To watch it "weaving" its designs with unerring accuracy and speed is uncanningly fascinating.

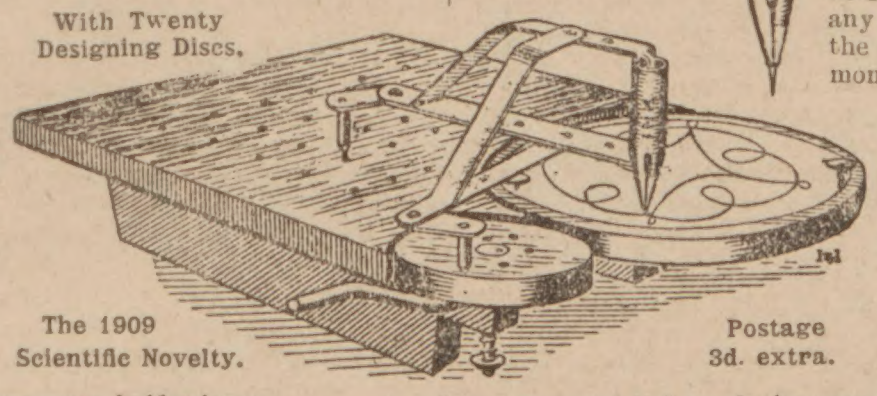
The average boy will forsake soldiers and all other toys for the wonder-weaving work of "The Mysterion."

The girl will neglect her doll under the strange spell created by the exquisite tracery so easily wrought by "The Mysterion."

The reason of its fascination is that the work of "The Mysterion," appeals so strongly—and so worthily—to that inherent human desire to "make something"—especially "something" that both interests and pleases—something that will be a joy to look upon, such as is all the work of "The Mysterion."

Another remarkable feature missing from most novelties and playthings is that just because no two designing attempts are alike, the "life" of interesting usefulness of "The Mysterion" is longer than that of any other mechanical article which goes on repeating the same movement or action until it becomes monotonously uninteresting.

With Twenty Designing Discs.



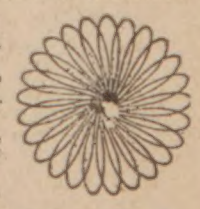
The 1909 Scientific Novelty.

Postage 3d. extra.

Imagine the added and unusual value of a Scientific Novelty that *remains a novelty for days, weeks, and months*—until even variety itself at last satisfies the human craving for novelty.

As will be seen, "The Mysterion" designs with either pen or pencil. For the former, "The Mysterion is fitted with a new patent fountain pen—alone worth half the price of the whole machine. This fountain pen is easily adapted to pencil work. Just "shave" a pencil until it can be pressed through the round point of the fountain pen. Use a long (soft) pencil, to get sufficient weight on the lead to "make it mark" on the paper discs.

We have illustrated this announcement with just a few examples of the work of "The Mysterion," which, be it noted, has a wider range of possibilities than designing machines which cost more. Every reader desirous of securing one (or more) of "The Mysterion" had better send order at once. Careful attention will be paid to orders of readers who desire several "Mysterions" sent to different addresses. The price is only 1s. (or 1s. 3d. carriage paid), or with 50 each extra Circular and Irregular Designing Discs (100 extra), 1s. 9d., post free. Two "Mysterions" *to same address* for 2s. 3d. Three for 3s. Six for 5s. If sent to different addresses, Two for 2s. 4d. Three for 3s. 3d. Six for 6s. Senders' cards or notes will be correctly enclosed if required.



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"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters was enormous, and as far as possible the desired information was supplied; but it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair renewer department of correspondence.

"In consequence, I said to myself, Why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair renewer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place the genuine article, under the name of 'Tatcho,' which is the Romany word for 'genuine,' within reach of all, and with the assistance of a number of gentlemen, possessing the necessary commercial facilities, that has been accomplished.

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When I first employed Mr. Geo. R Sims's "Tatcho" I had been losing my hair rapidly for a considerable time. After applying "Tatcho" I found a considerable improvement, and this has continued ever since. I cordially recommend "Tatcho."

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Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is wonderful, and all to whom I recommend it praise it. I hope others have advised the use of "Tatcho" as I have.

E Perry
Colonel

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R Bagot Chester

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Rita

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Lady Collins

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"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. A sprinkle of a few drops on the scalp works marvels with every head of hair, but more especially with those that have not received their quantum of care.

If you value your appearance—and who does not?—get a bottle of "Tatcho" to-day. It acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

It is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

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Cut this out.

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Per Geo. R. Sims
M. M. *Hair Restorer Co*

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